

# The TATLER

Vol. CXX. No. 1561.

London, May 27, 1931

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR  
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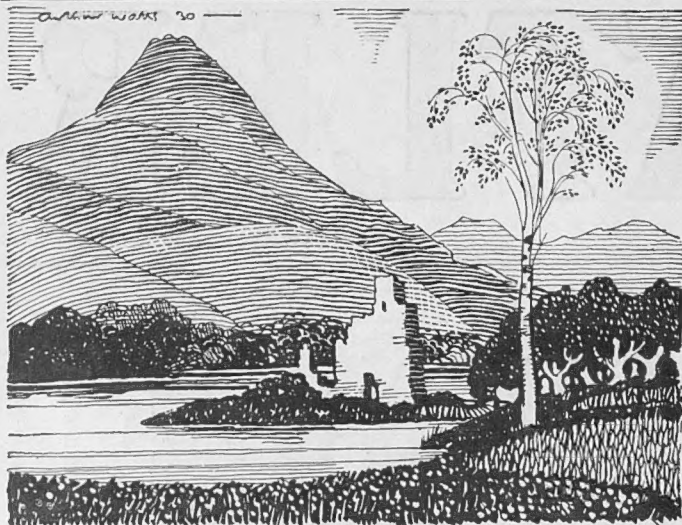
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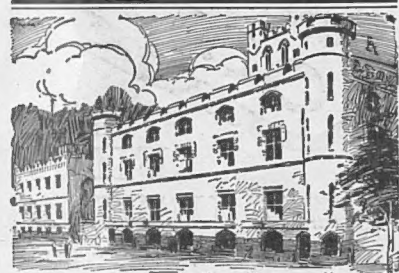
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Vol. CXX. No. 1561.

London, May 27, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and  
Newfoundland, 11d.; Foreign, 4½d.

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*Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*

## THE COUNTESS OF MARCH AND HER SON, LORD SETTRINGTON

Lady March married the only surviving son of the Duke of Richmond in 1927 and was then Miss Elizabeth Hudson. Her father was the late Rev. T. W. Hudson, vicar of Wendover, Bucks. The little Lord Settrington was born in 1929. The Earl of March was in the Tank Corps, and was only ten years old when the War broke out. His elder brother, who was in the Irish Guards, died of his wounds in the operations in Northern Russia in 1919. Lord and Lady March have another son, who was born two months ago.

Lord March is a racing motorist and, as may be recalled, won the double twelve hours' race at Brooklands quite recently



# THE LETTERS OF EVE



"DOUG." AND GALLERY OF HERO-WORSHIPPERS AT WESTWARD HO!

If the hopeful audience had had its wish, Douglas Fairbanks would now be Amateur Golf Champion of England; but though the great film star fought like a tiger in his round with J. R. Abercrombie, a fine golfer from Hoylake, Fate decreed otherwise. "Doug," however, put up a fine show, and at one period of the contest took four holes off the reel off his opponent

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

**D**EAR CREATURE,—My news to-day begins with a coming-out dance, second to none. This was for Miss Ann Charteris, who emerged tentatively earlier in the year at the Grantham Ball under the wing of her aunt, the Duchess of Rutland. This lovely lady was also responsible for her ultimate appearance in the grown-up world, and no débutante has ever had a more magnificent send-off. Sir Philip Sassoon lent his house for the evening, so adequate space was ensured. He is so generous about this that one felt quite at home after attending the many exhibitions which have been held there, and almost expected to find the Ben Marshalls of the Conversation Pieces and the relics of the Four Georges' period which were lately to be seen.

Music was supplied by the Wonderbar band, and everyone enjoyed its marvellous vigour and rhythm. Miss Charteris wore the conventional white, but was more than usually radiant, and evidently liked her party very much. The Duke and Duchess of York were there, also Prince George; the Duchess of Rutland wore a wonderful necklace of diamonds with her many-coloured dress, otherwise white was the favourite choice, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Mrs. Beck, and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore being a few who wore it.

\* \* \*

**R**arely if ever can the Lyceum have housed such a brilliantly bejewelled throng as that gathered to lend ear and eye to *Roussalka* with which the Russian Opera and Ballet Company, headed by Chaliapin, opened its season. It would



SIR JEREMIAH COLMAN AT THE ROYAL FLOWER SHOW, CHELSEA

Sir Jeremiah Colman is a very keen amateur gardener and agriculturist and incidentally is an ex-President of the Surrey County Cricket Club, 1916-23. The great show at Chelsea opened officially on May 21, but hardly in the kind of weather flowers like

be an impossible task to enumerate all the distinguished persons present, for the house was packed with them, but here is just a sprinkling. Prince George came with Lady Louis Mountbatten's party and looked extremely well. Mrs. Drogo Montagu (until lately Miss Tanis Guinness) was in Lady Curzon's box. Lady Diana Cooper, supremely attractive in white, was also in a box, and Sir Oswald Mosley brought his wife, who dazzled the eye with her masses of magnificent jewellery.

As to the opera itself, which was first produced in St. Petersburg in 1856, it is a mixture of fantasy and reality, as is usually the case with librettos inspired by Poushkin. Dargomijsky's score contains a good deal of that form of recitative known as "melodic" which I found rather too much for me, but some of the set numbers were fascinating. Chaliapin was in terrific form, conducting the orchestra, the chorus, and himself whenever he happened to be on the stage.

\* \* \*

**I**t was difficult to decide between the attractions of the Russian Opera aforementioned and the charms of *Lohengrin* infrequently given in London. Science has yet to perfect a system for being in two places at once, so my tame detective went to Covent Garden and was rewarded by what he heard and saw. *Lohengrin* himself, in the person of M. René Maison, had a lovely new outfit of shiny armour; the swan was in fine feather, ditto the dove. Both these birds worked well, which is by no means a foregone conclusion. Madame Lotte Lehmann sang Elsa sublimely, and Madame Olczewska was equally good as Ortrud.



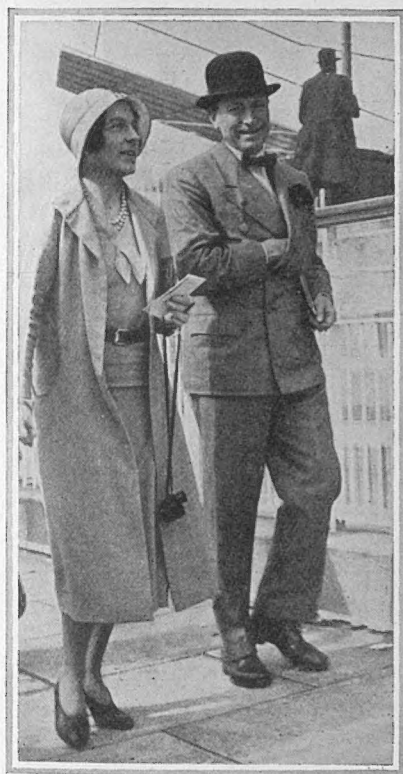
At the end of the first act a single floral tribute was thrown on the stage by an admirer from a box. It was an orchid, and apparently looked rather odd from the other side of the foot-lights, for the artistes viewed it with considerable suspicion each time they took their call. At last M. René Maison boldly investigated, and picking it up, handed it to "Elsa" who then passed it on to "Ortrud." All this amid continuous applause.

Noticeable in the audience were Miss Marjorie Glasgow in pale blue, Miss Mary Clive, Miss Rosie Derenberg, and Miss Degna Marconi, all young and very nice to look out.

\* \* \*

### *The Good Companions* at His Majesty's Theatre were not confined to the stage when the first night of this gregarious comedy occurred! In every part of the auditorium were there enthusiastic friends of Jess Oakroyd and the other members of Mr. Priestley's famous concert party. Demonstrations of welcome were made on all sides and it was a pity that the creator of these kindly people missed this wonderful reception by being absent in South America, though Mr. Knoblock, his collaborator, made

an appearance on the scene at the very last minute.



AT YORK RACES: LORD AND LADY MIDDLETON

On the day when most people made up their minds that whatever else may win the Derby, Jacopo won't. He was beaten out of sight, practically, by Doctor Dolittle, and the 8 lbs. he was conceding is not a sufficient explanation. The winner looked as if he could give Jacopo a stone at a mile

More photographs of this event in next week's issue

cluded with a group of duets by Mozart and Humperdinck: these brought down the house and everyone was saying "isn't their singing perfect?" without waiting for the obvious answer. Meanwhile Lady Ravensdale in black and beige and Mrs. Aubrey Cartwright in green were dispensing bouquets of pink



WE'S FOUR!

Swatche

Paul Asquith, the Master of Lindsay, the Hon. George Lindsay, and Rose Asquith are amongst the social celebrities collared by the camera in Hyde Park. The Asquith children belong to the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Asquith—the others are Lord and Lady Balmiel's and the grand-children of the Earl and Countess of Crawford

and yellow roses to the heroines. Our hostess wore black with a little cap to match swathed with a Neapolitan ice ribbon. Her gorgeous pearls and the palest pink suede gloves were—

(a) enviable, (b) original. There was quite a Newmarket corner consisting of Mrs. George Lambton, Mrs. Freddie Cripps, and Mr. Sydney Beer. Both he and Lord Londonderry were dressed in a rich shade of brown; also Major Cornwallis-West who came with Mrs. Hirsch, she decorated with the popular black pearls and a malmaison.

\* \*

Lady Cunard, most adept of hostesses, received the crowd which flocked to her Grosvenor Square house for the second "Aeolus" concert. This was given by Lotte Lehmann and Elizabeth Schumann, so you may imagine the glorious result. Strauss, Schubert, and Schumann were responsible for the first part of the programme which concluded with a group of duets by Mozart and Humperdinck: these brought down the house and everyone was saying "isn't their singing perfect?" without waiting for the obvious answer. Meanwhile Lady Ravensdale in black and beige and Mrs. Aubrey Cartwright in green were dispensing bouquets of pink



MISS ELIZABETH DARELL

One of the many patient debutantes who sat in their car in the long queue in The Mall last week for Their Majesties' first Court on the 19th. Even when there is a spot of Spring in the air, the long wait is not a particular catch, but with more than a nip of winter still about the heroism of Young England excites everyone's admiration

Ole Man Thames has a new neighbour, a club which has just opened at Datchet, and I should imagine that if summer comes this place will have plenty of patrons. The initial riverside night was attended by heavy rain, but any number of people came to celebrate the occasion with dinner parties. Among them were Lord Milton and Lord Donegall who, in addition to being a success as a journalist, speaks with authority in Salvation Army circles. Several guests were in day clothes as, for instance, Miss Margaret Whigham and Lady Bridget Poulett, but Mr. Terry Weldon and Lord Brecknock had taken more trouble. The food was first-rate and so was the singing of a French soprano who appeared both surprised and embarrassed at the applause she aroused.

\* \*

Blampied's Nonsense Show at 23, Cork Street, is the greatest fun. He has such an exquisite line and delicate feeling for colour,

(Continued overleaf)

c 2



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

and his gay and whimsical sense of humour is quite Lewis Carrollish in sheer irresponsibility of imagination.

Picture to yourself the feelings of a fox-terrier who on looking behind him finds that his tail has suddenly been transformed into a duck's head. "Bark-erole," which represents a circle of howling hounds round a cornet player, also entertained me greatly.

But this artist's fantastic fancy covers more grounds than the dog world, and he is gently satirical about all kinds of humans, from guardsmen to the ancient lady whose main conversational theme is "As a young girl I was considered very beautiful."

A Frenchman who had lately seen the exhibition at the Salon des Humoristes told me that it contained nothing to touch Blampied's drawings, and that he had never expected to find such amusement at an English show. A signal triumph for a British product—Edward Blampied was born in Jersey—to be thus praised by a Gaul.

The theory that "you can't eat your cake and have it" will be totally disproved to-morrow (Thursday) night when Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball takes place at the Dorchester. Smith minor's dream of Paradise could hardly contain a vaster cake than the one created for this occasion. It is to bear 187 candles and is to be drawn into the ballroom by a forty-five-débutante-power procession supercharged with good looks.

These young ladies have passed through several efficiency tests set by a trumpet-major of the Blues to ensure that no breakdown should occur during the journey up to the dais, from which Lady Patricia Ramsay is to cut the first slice. They are to be preceded by the Dame d'Honneur, Lady George Cholmondeley, and her maid-in-waiting, Miss Bronwen Scott-Ellis, with Miss Magdalen Fraser and Miss Irene Cholmondeley, the tallest Orders of Merit, bringing up the rear.

After receiving replicas of the Coronation medal of 1761 from Lady Patricia, and handing round portions of cake to the assembled company, the processionists once more get in touch with their scarlet ropes and repeat in reverse the complicated convolutions by which they arrived.

After supper old dances, suitably dressed, will be given a fresh lease of life. There is to be an 1830 quadrille group with Sir Frank and Lady Newnes in command. Those who have lately taken to the polka may gain fresh inspiration for this rollicking exercise by watching the 1850 version, in which the prime movers will be Lady George Cholmondeley, Miss Eileen Brougham, and Mlle. Sylvia de Oliveira.

Then there is a Viennese waltz group contributed by Mrs. Carl Bendix, Mr. Charles Rhys, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, and

Mrs. Malcolm Sargent among others. A party including Miss Molly Towle and Mr. David Tennant will take steps to show what a barn dance should look like, and so to modern terpsichorean practices, with Miss Sylvia Hobday the producer of this "Hundred Years of Ballroom Dancing" as demonstrator, with Mr. Walford Andrews of the quick foxtrot.

In case you have forgotten, Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball is in aid of the largest maternity hospital in Great Britain, which was founded by Queen Charlotte and bears her name.

\* \*

Presumably it is the ambition of every bride to achieve originality at her wedding. Miss Rosemary Chancellor went one better than most by having a carriage and pair to drive her away from All Souls', Langham Place, after she had become Mrs. William Elliot. She had also obviously taken special thought in selecting the party of darling little people who were marshalled in the aisle. One of them, Colin Tennant, had to carry out his duties without parental support, for his mother, Lady Glen-

conner, was in bed with a cold, and his father is still abroad on business.

Miss Chancellor is small and dark, full of vivacity, and very good on a horse. Princess Alice and Lady May Cambridge came to see her married, their friendship with Sir John Chancellor and his family having been formed in South Africa when he was Governor of Southern Rhodesia. Sir John is at present High Commissioner for Palestine, but his period of office, which has been by no means an easy one, comes to an end in the autumn.

\* \*

I think the "early bird" proverb must have been invented for Chelsea Flower Show, for only those who arrived betimes had an unrestricted view of the glories exhibited. Hardly anyone had anticipated the extreme cold which prevailed, even in the tents out of the wind, and I hate to think of the fate of the woman whom I saw arriving at 9 a.m. in a thin georgette frock.

Among the wise people who were there in good time and were sensibly dressed for the winter were Lady Warrender in a short black ponyskin coat, Mrs. Olaf Hambro in brown, Mrs. Percy Thellusson and Mrs. Atty Persse, both in blue coats and skirts. Mrs. Mills had an enormous fur collar with a tiny bright blue hat just appearing above it. Major Jack Harrison towered over the heads of his surroundings as he arrived with his wife and Captain Sherrard.

Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell, whose place on the borders of Cheshire and Derbyshire has a lovely garden, was deep in conversation with experts, and judging by the general atmosphere of knowledge and intelligent enquiry, the gardens of England should shortly excel themselves. "Alpines loathe me" and "I'm much too dry for blue poppies" were two passing remarks which startled the ear. No room for more.—EVE.



THE CHRISTENING OF MAJOR AND MRS. P. P. CURTIS' DAUGHTER

A group taken just after the christening at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square, last week. The baby was named Glenda Kidston Curtis, after her uncle, the late Commander Glen Kidston, who was a brother of Mrs. Curtis. The god-parents were Mrs. De Klee, Sir Albert Stern, Mrs. McBean, and Mr. Bleeker. In the group are Major P. P. Curtis, Mrs. De Klee, Sir Albert Stern, Mrs. McBean, Cherry, Aprilla, and Alison Primrose (daughters) behind the nurse, Mr. Bleeker, the nurse, and the new baby, Archie Glen Kidston (son of the late Glen Kidston), and Mrs. Curtis

Swaebe

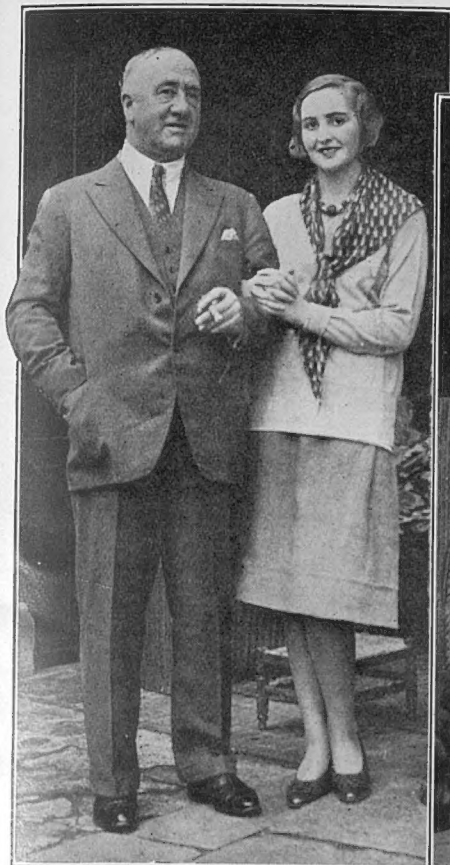


BOBBY JONES—CINEMA STAR

The greatest golfer probably of an age, has succumbed to the lure of the films, and this picture is straight from Hollywood and is supposed to present the victim as what they call in America a "Sheik." If he is one-hundredth part as big a success on the flickers as he is on the links he will be one of the world's richest men



## HAPPENINGS



AT CHARLTON: LADY PAMELA SMITH AND MR. PURBRICK, M.P.



AND CAIRNS: LADY BIRKENHEAD AND (left) MISS ENID RAPHAEL



AT THE CHELSEA SHOW: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON WITH LADY GEORGE WELLESLEY AND HER DAUGHTER



AT TIDWORTH: LADY MELCHETT AND HER CHILDREN AND (right) SIR IAN WALKER AND MISS MURIEL WRIGHT



Various localities were visited by the camera for the benefit of this page. Miss Raphael and Mr. Purbrick, the member for Walton, were recently the guests at Charlton of Lady Birkenhead and her younger daughter, Lady Pamela Smith, who is seventeen this year. All roads led to Chelsea last week, the reason being the famous flower show. Early visitors included the Duke of Wellington, his daughter-in-law and his granddaughter, Miss Pamela Wellesley, who is Lady George Wellesley's daughter by her first marriage with the late Lord Richard Wellesley. Lady Melchett's sons both won prizes at the Southern Command Horse Show. Miss Muriel Wright was also on view in the show ring. Sir Ian Walker is in the now mechanised Derbyshire Yeomanry, or the 24th Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps, to give it its official name



# The Cinema : Echoes from the Past

By JAMES AGATE

SOME preliminary matter thrown on the screen claims that Griffith's old masterpiece, *The Birth of a Nation*, is still the yard-stick by which all motion pictures are measured. I am afraid that this is claiming too much, preferring to believe that the motion picture of to-day has taken on a quality of which, in 1914, neither Griffith nor anybody in this country knew anything at all. I went to see this film with the liveliest interest and was shocked to find that in the matter of pictorial composition it is nearly always abominable, as well it might be in view of the fact that in 1914 that particular quality of screen art had not come into existence. All that Griffith does is to throw people together and then turn on his camera. When it is a large number of people which is thrown together the result is tolerable, because when five hundred people are sticking bayonets into another five hundred, and half-a-million members of the Ku-Klux-Klan are charging through cornfields to prevent a mulatto from proposing marriage to Lillian Gish—why then pictorial composition goes, so to speak, by the board. But the scenes in which only two or three are gathered together almost hurt the eye by their complete disregard of everything which the present-day cinema-goer has learned to like. And then the photography! I suppose something must be allowed for wear, but even so I cannot believe that it was ever good or anything except a compilation of crude whites and sooty blacks, a description, by the way, which might very well fit the characters of this film. The story, too, is a poor affair in comparison with some later epics. As Griffith himself was to realize later on, America was born the day Lee surrendered, and from that point of view the assassination of Lincoln is only a decoration to the story. To carry it further means nothing from the point of view of America's birth. The activities of the Ku-Klux-Klan are part of the struggles of the growing infant, and the contention that the child is still kicking about in lusty fashion is proved by the existence of Chicago's gun-men and the necessity for reviving the Ku-Klux-Klan to deal with those land-pirates. Perhaps, however, I am only quibbling about the title.

There is no doubt that the battle scene is very fine, and that the rallying of the Ku-Klux-Klan still remains an exciting thing.

One of the reasons which tempted me to the Palace Theatre was the announcement that this film has been made "vibrant with glorious sound," an orchestra 150 strong having been commissioned. In the old days that would have meant a gathering at the Palace of a kind of musical Ku-Klux-Klan recruited from all the orchestras in the West End. But language is changing, and what such an announcement really means is that 150 players had been collected at Hollywood or some other sound-canning centre. I did not expect anything else, but my complaint is that whoever arranged the music of this film apparently has not the slightest sense of what musical accompaniment should and can be. Nothing is more irritating to the musical ear than to hear bits of, say, *Coriolan* or *Ruy Blas* leading up to a well-known theme which is suddenly displaced by something jiggling or mawkish, presumably on the grounds that it better fits what is happening on the screen. This method has always spelled disaster and must always spell disaster. The proper thing to do is to select something which reasonably represents

the picture's main trend or atmosphere throughout ten minutes or so and keep to it for those ten minutes. It is the rarest thing for me not to enjoy the music which was always a great part of the charm of every silent picture, and I regret to say that I received none on this occasion. It was, however, with very great pleasure indeed that one renewed acquaintance with some of the film stars of the past. Lillian Gish, for example, is wholly exquisite in this picture, and over and over again she reminds one of that extraordinary physical resemblance to the early portraits of Sarah Bernhardt, in her Frou-frou period. I still think, as I always thought, that the scene in which she rejects the mulatto's proposals—which I suppose is what is really meant, though "proposal" in the more decorous singular is the word used!—is beyond our Lillian's powers as an actress. Then there is Mae Marsh, one of my earliest screen flames who still dies most affectingly. Here, too, are Henry Walthall, Miriam Cooper, Robert Harron, Wallace Reid, Donald Crisp, and Elmo

Lincoln. To sum up I would say that *The Birth of a Nation* will hardly do except as an echo from the past, but that considered as an echo, and for sentimentalists who like to live again in the past, it is still well worth seeing.

Buster Keaton's *Romeo in Pyjamas* at the Empire, though it was made yesterday, belongs nevertheless to the infant days of the screen. We are always told that childhood if not infancy is the happiest period in a man's life, and I am not at all sure that the careful ecstasy even of such a film as *Le Million* is any real improvement upon the first fine careless rapture of the old slap-stick. There is a scene in *Romeo in Pyjamas* in which Buster's motor-car loses a wheel at a level-crossing, and he has just time to extricate his luggage, which includes his golf clubs and young woman, before the arrival of the trans-continental express which duly passes and leaves the car untouched! Buster's jubulations, if complete misery can be said to jubilate, are cut short by the arrival of a slow train on the other line which, of course, catches his car amidships. Then it begins to rain, and the pair reach their seaside hotel on the top of a load of the wettest hay in history. "How much?"

says Buster, and the farmer asks whether two bucks would be too much. Buster replies, "Yes." Arrived at the hotel it becomes necessary that our hero should disport himself after the manner of Don Juan, in which he is assisted by a vamp who complains that the last time she was engaged to lure a man his wife emerged in the subsequent conflict with more hair in her hand than she had on her head. The vamp, whose name I could not gather, gave an extraordinarily witty and amusing performance, contriving to have all the legginess of an antelope without its grace, and rivalling our own Viola Tree in the delicate art of consciously making herself ridiculous. But all the women in this film are good, though I do not see how if American fashionable beauties look so much alike it is possible for anyone to tell them apart. About Buster Keaton himself there is, of course, nothing new to be said. He still wears the tragic air of John Barrymore and the sad grace of Martin Harvey, and I suppose that Bergson could never have found for his definition of humour a better illustration than that provided between the melancholy of this clown and the buffets to which he must oppose it.



MARLENE DIETRICH AND VICTOR MCLAGLEN IN "DISHONOURED"

Marlene Dietrich has a big dramatic chance in this recent big Paramount picture, and she takes it with both hands. The story has to do with the conflict of the Austrian and Russian intelligence services, and Marlene Dietrich plays the part of an heroic lady who falls in love with an enemy spy, contrives his escape, and is then shot as a spy herself. Victor McLaglen, of course, plays the enemy spy part



# SNAPSHOTS OF NOTABLE PERSONALITIES



WE ARE AMUSED: LORD PORTMAN AND MRS. PARKES AT THE BATH MEETING



ALSO AT BATH: SIR PERY POLE AND MRS. TAYLOR



AND AGAIN: LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS AND MAJOR STAPLETON-BRETHERTON



A FAMOUS GOLFER: MR. REX HARTLEY WITH MRS. HARTLEY AT WESTWARD HO!



IN THE PUBLIC EYE: MR. ROLAND OLIVER, K.C.



PARLIAMENTARY PLAYERS: LADY HEADFORT AND MISS CORY AT PRINCE'S, SANDWICH

On the opening day of the Bath Spring Meeting Lord Portman, who is Joint Master of the Taunton Vale, had the satisfaction of seeing his Early Closing win the Bath Spring Handicap. The grey was ridden by Beary, who had three other successes during the day. Sir Pery Van-Notten-Pole comes from Gloucestershire, and Lady Blanche Douglas, without whom few West Country meetings are complete, lives at Luckington in Wiltshire. Mr. Rex Hartley was one of the many distinguished golfers engaged in the Open Amateur Championship at Westward Ho! He met defeat in the third round, and his younger brother, Lister, was beaten in the fourth round by Mr. R. Straker. Mr. Roland Oliver, as the appellant's Counsel, was one of the leading figures in the Court of Criminal Appeal last week when the sentence of death passed on William Wallace was quashed. Mr. Oliver took silk in 1925. A year later he was appointed Recorder of Folkestone. There was a big entry for the Spring Meeting of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association at Prince's, Lady Headfort and Miss Cory being two of the competitors. Lady Headfort has good golfing opportunities in Ireland, for Headfort now possesses a very nice course of its own



# RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" By

**B** RILLIANTLY as Newmarket started for backers with five favourites on the first day, the last two days looked as though, as the old Negro Spiritual says, "All God's chill'un got shoes," while the Gentile backers hardly had a pair of sandals between them. Some of them, indeed, in



MR. V. T. THOMPSON'S DERBY VISION!

May it come true! The colt is Abbot's Worthy, who has been performing consistently even if he has not collected any brackets this season. He was second to Convoy the other day in the  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile Prince of Wales' Stakes at Kempton

desperation were driven to going out on the links to try and get a bit on the side by betting on the needle-match between Jim Santry and Jesse Brown, "all in," "catch-as-catch-can" air shots counting a half. The meeting was saved for many by the victory of Fiesole in the last race, and from the fact that the price shrank from 6 to 1 to "can't offer fair," it is to be hoped that the owner and his many friends went for the slam.

Gatwick was held in poisonous weather on both days, but one could stand this with no less than six favourites winning. One lady won £160 odd to her £1 mixed doubles, and one punter sitting nicely out of the rain in an S.P. office backed fourteen winners on the day at the three meetings! It is generally pretty safe to reckon on Peacock, Jack Jarvis and Frank Hartigan winning four races a day between them, and the latter, with the utmost versatility, not only won two races at Gatwick and one at Haydock, but also won a hurdle race somewhere during the week, and was most unlucky not to win the waiters' race at Stamford Bridge, his candidate taking the wrong course—the savoury before the sweet or some such technicality.

Miss Majority stayed on well to win over six furlongs after Twelfth Night had looked to be pulling over her at five. At seven he'd probably pull over for six, and at five he'd do the same for four. The long distance race was a good upset. Knight of Knockeevan, who was very much fancied for the Metropolitan and was carried out of the course, jumped off in the lead, and being allowed to get too far ahead won in a trot. Some say that Wragg on Haste Away daren't go nearer than

five lengths for fear of treading on this horse's superb George Poole tail, but be that as it may Gordon Richards rode a pillar to post race and outmanoeuvred him. The Home Bred two-year-old plate was won with some ease by a niceish Stratford colt of Mr. A. Donn's, trained by Victor Smyth. No sooner did the market open than there was an ugly rush to back this on the analogy that if it wasn't almost good enough to win at Ascot Vic Smyth would be running it in a selling race. The deduction was correct, the only one who could have made a race with him being Bayuda colt, who ran green, and will improve a great deal on this form. Major Sneyd, who trains him, had another winner at the meeting in Forum II, a grey French horse who did his best to lose his race at the gate. Admirably ridden by E. Smith he outstayed the other to win in the end with something in hand.

One of the greatest blows of the meeting was the defeat of Mr. Straker's Yellow Dun, looked on as the best thing of the day. The Strakers are a great Northumbrian family and I am told that wild men from the fells and bearded "Geordies" from the pits came down to back her. (The only one of the latter that I personally spotted turned out to be a peer who had only allowed himself ten minutes between rising and the departure of the last race train from Victoria). In the race she was the first one beat and the form seems too bad to be true.

For the benefit of those who use the members' lunch-room and do not know the ropes, I would state that those who require lunch should arrive two hours before the first race. Orders for after-lunch coffee at the summer meeting should be booked now. Should your waiter, however, die between now and then all orders are void under Rule 73, so you probably won't get it anyway. York is in every way one of the best, if not the best, meeting in England, the only drawback to it being the hotel accommodation and its distance from London. Most of us journalists generally "stop private," and my friend Albert Portmanteau usually stays with the Duchess of Knockring at Dedbroke Towers. I recollect it was at one of the York meetings last season that talking to Lady Inverapenny, whose brother, Lord Goitre, had brought a yearling on his advice, he pointed out Jacopo, remarking "there is a two-year-old who will win races." How right as always he was. His advice on this year's Derby I am endeavouring to procure through the good offices of a titled acquaintance for the benefit of my readers.

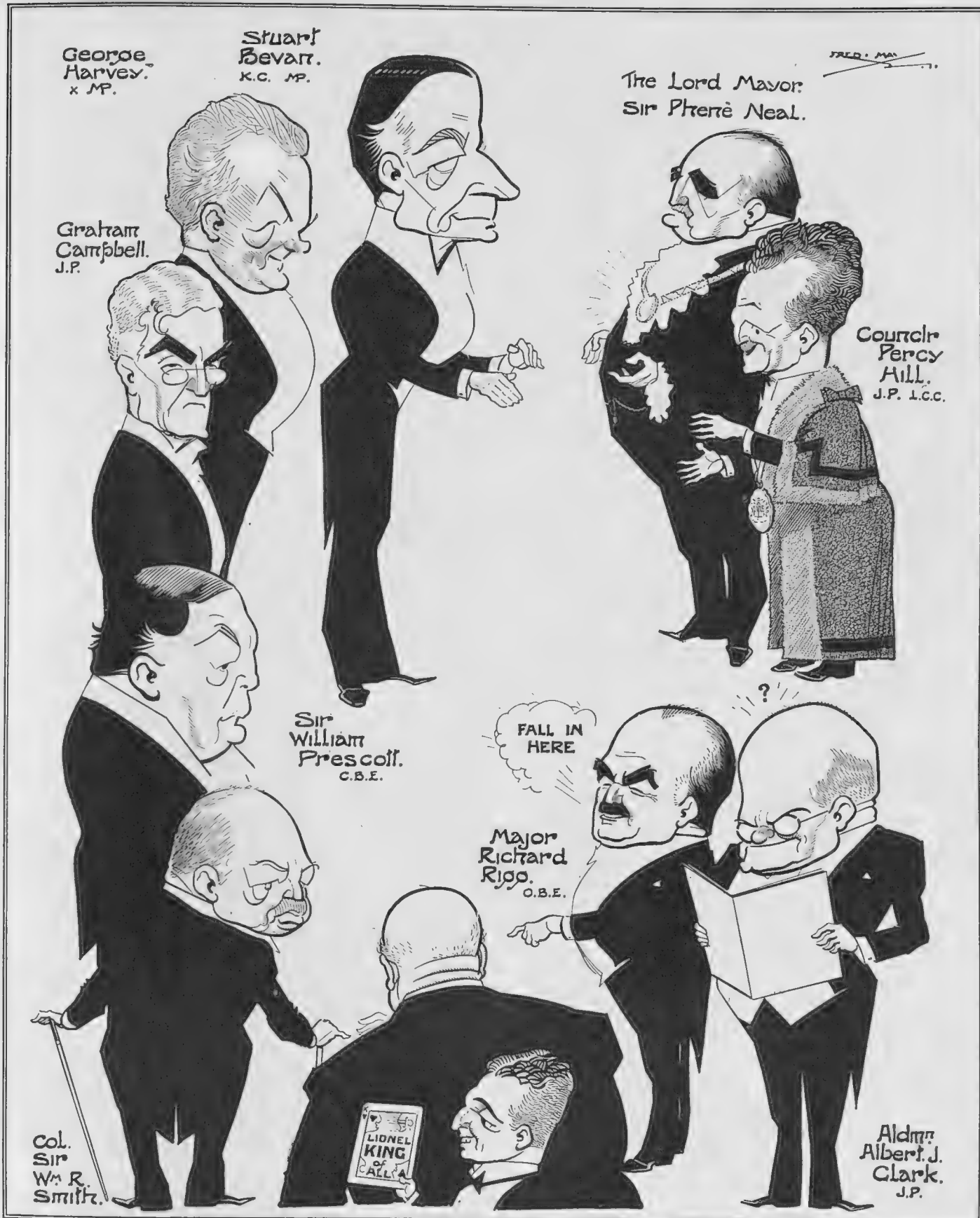
So mixed up are the three-year-olds, Link Boy, Orpen, Goyescas, Sir Andrew, Dr. Dolittle, and Jacopo, that there seems no way of discriminating between them. I read that Fred Darling knows what is required to win a Derby, which I presume is a horse that goes extremely fast for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and having seen Cameronian half fit win the Guineas like a good horse, I shall bank on him to do this, believing him to be a great horse.

LADY CHESHAM.

There is no more familiar and very few smarter figures to be seen at any of our race-courses. Lady Chesham rarely misses a meeting, summer or winter either, now that a bad fall has made hunting impossible



# A LORD MAYORS' SHOW!



## CELEBRITIES AT THE RECENT BANQUET—BY FRED MAY

The "little" dinner at the Connaught Rooms on St. George's Day, at which this gallery of portraits was collected, was quite unofficial, and was at the personal invitation of Councillor Percy Hill, who is seen with the Lord Mayor of London in the party clothes which City Fathers have to wear on occasions like this. Most of the Metropolitan Mayors were present, as well as many other distinguished persons, and the total parade state was four hundred. Councillor Percy Hill is the Mayor of Holborn





Dorothy Wilding  
MISS VERA POLIAKOFF

The clever young actress who takes the part of Mary Magdalen in "Judas," produced last week at the Festival Theatre at Cambridge. This new play by F. V. Ratti is likely to arouse great interest when it comes to London in the near future, for it presents Judas Iscariot in an entirely new light. Miss Vera Poliakoff is Mrs. Basil Burton in private life

who attain within themselves the copy-book rectitudes are often just those we seek most to avoid with all the earnestness, the conscientiousness, and the good intentions we possess. It is all very unfortunate. Nevertheless there is no denying that the man or woman who takes life and everything appertaining to it in deadly seriousness is an unconscionable bore. For most of us know that life is not worth getting ponderous over. It isn't long enough to be taken so respectfully. You can really only take as half a joke something which is so immature during the first part of its duration, decaying for the latter part, and the middle portion has, after all, just to be filled in desperately by trying to make sufficient money to carry one over the decaying period without having to regard one's growing family as an investment! To look upon this brief span of consciousness as containing within itself opportunities to attain either eternal happiness or eternal Hell, resembles more and more as one grows older just one of those ponderous illusions by which the too-earnest bolster up their solemnity too often. Knowing what Youth is, how long maturity lasts, and just when decay sets in, everybody, who has thought for himself, realizes that it just can't be done. And it was because the Prince Consort was too earnest, too conscientious, and too well-meaning that he has come down to us as being an estimable bore. And yet, as one reads Mr. Frank C. Chancellor's very, very interesting biography, "Prince Consort" (Philip Allan, 21s.), one realizes how silly it is to consider him just that, since he was also a man whose sense of duty, whose devotion to his country and his Queen, and whose "vision" fully entitled him to being considered something between a Great Patriot and one of the lesser Saints. His chief trouble was that he was *too good*—*too consciously* good; which always robs goodness of more than half its appeal. He was so right with himself that when he set out to put the world to rights, this same world was secretly annoyed that there was absolutely no target at which to hurl brickbats back, except, peradventure, the target of being an earnest bore, which, of course, is no flaw at all on the Recording Angel's ledgers. Prince Consort took a keen personal interest in everything. And that can be very tiresome unless the interest is also an uncritical enthusiasm. He was always showing ancient institutions a "better way" which, of course, incensed those institutions because the "better way" was really better, but they hadn't thought of it themselves! Commerce, art, education—especially education—he quietly, but very definitely, has his finger in every pie, and each pie, except the artistic one, was the better for his interference. He was a model husband, a model father,

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Too-Earnest Prince.

**Y**OU can be too earnest, too conscientious, too well-meaning. Unless a sense of humour enlivens such virtues no one will ever love you very much. And yet, if you had a sense of humour you wouldn't, I suppose, be over-earnest or over-conscientious, and you would not always mean well. They never seem to go together. Nothing in life is quite so serious as all that. And thus it is that so many of those

according to his lights—which is to say, he failed as often as he succeeded; a model man in what was undoubtedly a most difficult and dangerous position. But never was he merely Queen Victoria's husband. His triumph lay in the fact that in spite of accepted history, the Victorian Age was far more an Albertine one, reflecting as it did the mind of the Prince Consort far clearer than it did that of the Queen. His was the real power behind the Victorian throne, and when he died the power still remained—Victoria judging and seeing everything as she believed her dead husband would have seen and judged it. But if only he had had just one big human weakness he would probably now be going down to history as quite a picturesque, popular figure. You know how forgiving we can be towards the dead. But he hadn't. He had high ideals and he lived up to them. He would have made a most admirable professor. Nevertheless, he raised the stock of English royalty to far above par, whereas the previous few Kings had only sent it down to a mere nominal value. Incidentally, he has never really been given sufficient credit for that outstanding achievement! The Court became of a purity which generations previous would have considered unimaginable. The supreme value and triumph of the Great Exhibition has, alas! been lost beneath the imposing horror of the Crystal Palace. The world has never been able to see the real Albert because of the Albert Memorial. And it is as well that Mr. Chancellor should lift the veil and retail the real story of a man who achieved so much and whose historical laurels are so long overdue. He has done his work really well. In his book one learns to revalue the Prince Consort at his proper worth. His position for many years was an impossible one for any man, especially one of real learning and personality. He had to overcome prejudice. So far as the royal establishments were concerned, he had also to bring economic order out of extravagant chaos. Queen Victoria, as a young woman, was by no means easy material to mould. Not being a nonentity the Prince could not merely lead the existence of a nondescript personality. And he succeeded all along the line. He succeeded in everything except in making himself beloved by the masses. He suffered from a bad manner, due principally to shyness. His shop window—so valuable an addition to all royalty—was unattractive. The reserved coldness of his nature comes

out even in this biography. So that although one reveres the Prince Consort, one feels no affection for him until one reads how emotionally affected he was when, as a threatened man, he revisited the home of his youth. He was earnest, conscientious, well-meaning, all to a magnificent degree. But these things, alas! are not enough. The result in Prince Consort's case being that his greatness, already dimmed by time, was never really brilliantly illuminated even while he lived, except among those who recognized his worth. The world found him cold and unlovable. As a man he was too good to be true, but his misfortune, weighed in terms of popularity,



Sasha  
SYDNEY TREMAYNE (MRS. ROGER COOKSON)

The author of "The Trial of Alfred Arthur Rouse," just published by Geoffrey Bles as one of his "Famous Trials" series. Sydney Tremayne's witty pen has often contributed to the lighter side of journalism, and that she has now "taken to crime" is an interesting development of her literary talent. She was present during the police court proceedings and subsequent trial of Rouse, and her book is being widely read

(Continued on p. 376)



## SAFETY FIRST?

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



Mother: We don't know what to call 'im

Friend: What about H'albert or H'alfred?

Mother: No, we don't want nothin' with a haspirate; people so seldom give it it's doo



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

was that his goodness really was the truth. And that, of course, is never very interesting, because in memoirs and in club-land virtue is never news. Consequently, I would advise all those who have been brought up to regard the Prince Consort as being merely a trustworthy appendage to Victorian apotheosis, to read this interesting book. It will teach them many things besides providing them with a vivid but by no means uncritical biography.

## Two Pleasant Idylls.

I suppose only the dying and the very old see life as an idyll. Which, perhaps, explains why most of us like to read stories which paint existence in the most idyllic colours. Such a story, for example, is Laurence George's "The Vagabond Sonata" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). Its chief fault, however, is that towards the very end it ceases to be an idyll and becomes almost incredulous melodrama—happily, only towards the very end. Until that time it is a delightful story of a very likeable young man who combines artistic gifts with a talent for business, merging them in a series of wanderings among the Yorkshire villages where he sells his own wood carvings and self-woven fabrics. Naturally he comes across a very beautiful girl with whom equally he inevitably falls in love. I suppose there are quite a number of beautiful girls in this world, but it is surprising in novels to find how many of them are completely unattached until the hero crosses their paths. The lovely creature in question, however, is not the hero's at one fell glance. They lose sight of each other, though only to meet again in even more romantic circumstances. At which, alas! a certain amount of unconvincing villainy gets busy and the story rather tails off into conventional "film." Still, this is only latterly. Three parts of the novel are charming. To a certain extent, also, you may call Mary Griggs' story, "The Almond Tree" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), also an idyll—especially in that regard which is opposed to real life. Artistic husbands in novels are always tiresome, and Robert Grinling was no exception. He lived with his pretty young wife, Alice, in a really old converted Berkshire inn. For a time all went well, until Robert discovered that his wife had no sympathy for his own "arty" and "crafty" attitude towards village life. Thereat he found refuge in long walks, which eventually led him to the Other Woman—an artist named Kitty. A liaison ensues, from which spring various jaunts to Chelsea with Kitty. Then a tragic telegram brings him back post-haste to his wife and two children. Remorse and reconciliation are the outcome: winning back for Alice her husband and his love—my own share of which I would gladly hand over to her.

## Theatrical Recollections.

When Mr. Fred Kerr sat down to write his "Recollections of a Defective Memory" (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.), his memory certainly recollected the largest number of "good

stories" that I have come across in any book of reminiscences for a long while. Naturally, nearly all of them deal with the stage and theatrical people, but, unlike the majority of stories dealing with the theatre, none of them, so far as I am concerned, have been printed before. This story of the then Mrs. Bancroft and Charles Brookfield, for instance—which, incidentally, has a universal application. "Some of the company were always paying Mrs. Bancroft fulsome and extravagant compliments on her appearance—which I am sure Mrs. Bancroft, with her divine sense of humour, did not fail to appreciate at their proper worth. 'What beautiful hair you have, Mrs. Bancroft,' exclaimed

a gushing young worshipper one day. It was a hot day, and Charles Brookfield was standing by, mopping his exceedingly bald head. 'My hair was very much admired when I was in management here in the summer,' was Brookfield's pleasantly expressed comment." Elsewhere, this most readable volume gives a very interesting picture of the London and American stage within the last fifty years. Mr. Kerr obtained an almost unique position on each, especially for certain well-defined characters. His book is outspoken, yet always kindly; well illustrated, and much of his criticisms on acting as a practised art should be broadcast throughout the theatrical profession.

## Some More Novels for the Holidays.

I always feel sorry for the fat woman who, growing old, has to live under the curse of having been christened "Joy," and also for the weedy young man who at his baptism was given the name of Victor Napoleon. But never have I felt so sorry for anyone as for the heroine whose name gives Miss Sophie Cole's new novel, "Truant Memory" (Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.), its title. Fancy any poor young woman having to go through life with a name like that! Her father, an old professor, put this appalling "curse" upon her, but she didn't seem to resent it in the least. And except for sending her out into the world

with a name like a joke, her parent played very little part in her life—and she didn't seem to resent this either. Nor did I after a time. Miss Cole can write the prettiest stories without making their sweetness cloying. She has achieved some of her more charming effects in this one, which has once again for its background London with its old houses and quiet old squares. Doubtless some people will enjoy "Valiance" (Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.), by Burton Hewitt, an author who struck me as being a writer who may one day write a really good novel, when he concentrates purely upon people and things with which he is personally acquainted. As it is, both the aristocracy and Big Commerce, which figure largely in his story, read over much like "hearsay." Nor can one be fearfully thrilled by what constitutes the story's main problem: is a title equal to millions, and if not, which gains or loses more in marriage? Eventually, of course, in this novel they are happily combined in wedlock.



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET AND HER CHILDREN

Mrs. Arthur Paget is taking part in the "Famous Beauties" Ball to be held at Dorchester House on June 25. Captain Arthur Paget used to be in the Irish Guards, and is the son of the late General Sir Arthur Paget of Warren House, Coombe Wood. Mrs. Paget was formerly Miss Rosemary Lowry-Corry, and is a daughter of Brigadier-General N. A. Lowry-Corry. The two children are David, aged two years, and Rosalind, three months



## At Poulsen's Club, Datchet



MISS DEBORAH JENKINSON, LORD DALMENY, AND  
CAPTAIN R. C. H. JENKINSON



LADY KEKEWICH, COLONEL WARD, MISS CONSTANCE WARD,  
AND CAPTAIN JOCELYN LUCAS



MR. T. H. BEECHING, MRS. GREGSON, THE EARL OF WARWICK, MISS  
BICKMORE, MR. BICKMORE, MRS. BEECHING, AND MR. RADCLIFFE



MR. LAURIE GREEN, MR. JACK HULBERT, MR. KEYES, JR.,  
AND MR. AND MRS. BOBBIE HOWES



MISS BABA BEATON, MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM, MR. TONY  
WYZARD, AND MISS CELIA PALMER



CAPTAIN IRVINE, LORD NORTHESK, MR. INGRAM, MR. AND MRS.  
A. G. VLASTO, MRS. J. FORD (PRINCESS MARIA BARIATINSKY),  
LADY NORTHESK, AND MR. J. FORD

*Photographs by Sasha*

Poulsen's is the last word in up-river clubs, and is the creation of the well-known restaurateur of the Café Anglais, Leicester Square, a fact which in itself guarantees that the "eats" and all the other appendages and appurtenances will be first-rate. The club is on the site of the historic Rosenau, and looks out across the river at Windsor Park and the Castle, and its closeness to London is not one of the least of its recommendations. At present the things available for those who do not concentrate entirely upon lunching and dining, are boating, bathing, and a mashie golf-course, but in a short time squash and tennis courts will be made available. The situation and surroundings are idyllic, and the opening show, at which these pictures were taken, went with a bang. It is well furnished, and there is an excellent ball-room





AT THE READING AERO CLUB: LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. SHELMERDINE AND LORD AND LADY NORTHESK

Lieut.-Colonel Shelmerdine, Director-General of Civil Aviation, performed the opening ceremony of the Reading Aero Club at Woodley Aerodrome. He succeeded the late Sir Sefton Brancker, of whom a biography is in course of preparation

prussic acid. Nor will the inspired landowner croon of loam sweet loam, for every foot of it will be a liability. "Ill fares the land to hastening bills a prey," to take one's Goldsmith with a dash of budget. Mr. Snowden has looked towards the promised land and regarded it as a promissory note, and it remains for him to follow the aerial authorities and to tax the air. And when he does that it will be right up to the stratosphere.

There is little hope of making Mr. Snowden change his mind, but perhaps the aerial authorities are less adamant. At present they tax the airman before he goes into the air, while he is in the air and whenever he lands. Every person who owns an aeroplane pays large sums, directly and indirectly, in the form of taxes. Private flying doubles itself every eighteen months. But it would increase much more quickly if it were freed from some of the statutory fees and licences and the rules and regulations and organizational diarrhoea which afflict it. Considering the weakening effect of the regulations, the manufacturers have done well in bringing prices of aeroplanes down to where they now are. Not much more can be done by them until the Air Ministry is convinced that flying is not exclusively for those who can afford to set aside £500 a year on it and, in addition, to keep a secretary to fill in forms. There ought to be a moratorium for forms and landing fees; a reduction in Certificate of Airworthiness charges and licence charges; a ruthless cutting down of officials. Give the airman the freedom of the air and of the aerodromes. If the Air Ministry could be persuaded to reduce its rules and regulations and to abolish landing fees now, at the beginning of the season, it would be as if a brake were suddenly taken off private and club flying.

#### Air Races.

Despite unpleasant weather the opening of the new club house and buildings at Woodley, Reading, was successfully performed by Lieut.-Colonel Shelmerdine. Colonel Shelmerdine is doing an excellent service to aeronautics by example as well as by precept. With

## AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

### Land and Landing Taxes.

Fundamentally there is not much difference between a land tax and a landing tax. Mr. Snowden is following in the footsteps of the aerial authorities; he is seizing every chance to obtain money. His new tax will produce great changes, for when the whole land is snowed under with taxes it will no longer be appropriate to sing of landlords filling the flowing bowl except with

Mrs. Shelmerdine he flew down to Reading in a Puss Moth from Heston. It is by using aeroplanes as well as by talking about them that flying is made more popular, and the greater the number of officials who will follow the example of the Prince of Wales and go on their occasions, both lawful and unlawful, by air, the better. Colonel Shelmerdine was received by Lord Northesk, president of the club, by Lady Northesk, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Reading.

The handicap race for the President's Challenge Cup, as has already been announced, was won by Miss Aitken with Miss Gower second. Fastest time was made by Miss Amy Johnson. Women pilots seem to be taking kindly to air racing, although there is only one woman entrant among those who will fly in the London-Newcastle air race on Saturday the 30th. Miss Winifred Brown has entered her Hermes-Avian for this event. Among the other pilots is Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth of this year's Schneider Trophy Team, who is believed by many to be the finest all-round pilot in the Royal Air Force. He acted as navigator for Flight-Lieutenant R. L. R. Atcherley in the year he won the King's Cup, and during the 1929 Schneider Trophy practice he showed himself so impervious to the effects of our pushful friend "G" during high-speed turns that he was called "the man with the cast-iron stomach." In the London-Newcastle race he will be flying a Cirrus-Spartan.

Two civilian Coupés have been entered for this race, both with Genet Major engines, and there will thus be an opportunity of comparing their performance with that of better-known types. The start for the London-Newcastle race is at Heston, and the finish is at Cramlington Aerodrome, Northumberland. The course measures 254 miles, and the first machine will leave Heston on Saturday at 1 p.m. The indefatigable Captain Dancy and Mr. Rowarth are the handicappers. When Captain Dancy has done the handicapping for races all round England he has often produced spectacular finishes with half-a-dozen aircraft crossing the line within a few seconds of each other. With a course of only 254 miles, there ought to be something good in the way of a close finish.

### Imperial Airways.

I was pleased to receive a letter from Australia carried by the first air mail service to England. The letter had taken only fifteen days against the twenty-eight days of surface transport; but with the establishment of a regular service the journey will take only eleven or twelve days.

Imperial Airways are steadily adding to their already notable reputation for regularity and trustworthiness and, what is even better, they are refusing to be stampeded. Not long ago there

(Continued on p. 27)



SOME CO-OPTIMISTS AT BRISTOL AIR-PORT

The names of the people, who are the friends of so many of us, left to right, are: Mr. Stephen Cliff of Messrs. Phillips and Powis, Ltd., Mr. Stanley Holloway, Miss Phyllis Monkman, Captain L. P. Winters, manager Bristol Airport, and Mr. Davy Burnaby. The machine in the picture is a Phillips and Powis air-taxi





THE ONLY BACHELOR IN THE BACHELOR'S CLUB

By Patrick Bellew





BY APPOINTMENT  
MOTOR CAR TYRE  
MANUFACTURERS  
TO H.M. THE KING



IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

G.F.H. 719



## OF FAMILY INTEREST

New Portraits of Lady Cynthia Slessor and Lady Jowitt with their Engaging Young People



WITH HENRY: LADY CYNTHIA SLESSOR

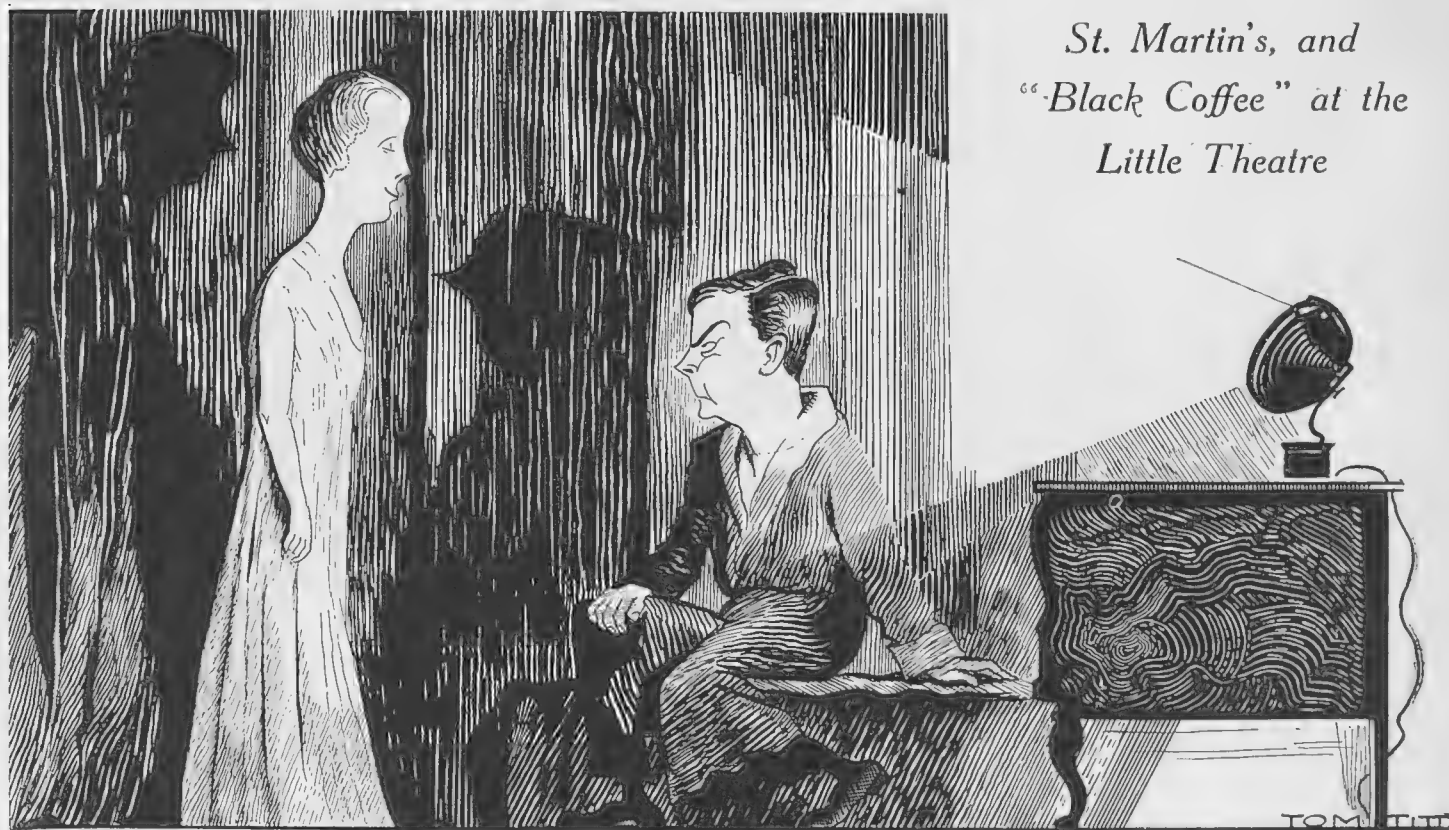
Lord Kilmorey's only sister was the widow of the 8th Lord Jersey when she married Mr. Rodney Slessor six years ago. Henry joined the family circle in 1929, and has an elder sister, Diana, who thinks him a very fine fellow indeed. Lady Cynthia Slessor's eldest son, the present Lord Jersey, was twenty-one in February. She has another son and two daughters by her first marriage. Mr. Rodney Slessor works very hard in London, his activities being concerned with that all-important feature of modern commerce, advertising. Lady Jowitt, the wife of the Attorney-General, has a house in Upper Brook Street, where she gives nice parties. Before her marriage she was Miss Lesley McIntyre. Miss Penelope Jowitt was born in 1923. Sir William Jowitt, who was at Marlborough and New College, is one of the strong men of the Labour Party. He used to be a Liberal, and his change of political opinion shortly after he had been elected for Preston caused a great stir at the time. After resigning he was re-elected with a triumphant majority. Sir William was knighted two years ago.

LADY JOWITT AND HER DAUGHTER PENELOPE

Photographs  
by Yevonde

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"Lean Harvest" at the  
St. Martin's, and  
"Black Coffee" at the  
Little Theatre



THE DREAMER'S AWAKENING

Celia (Miss Diana Wynyard) to her get-rich-quick husband (Mr. Leslie Banks): "I'm sorry the producer was too busy with your dream to manage a more comfortable bedroom. Try mine"



SMILES OF POVERTY

The poor novelist (Mr. J. H. Roberts) and his long-suffering wife (Miss Isabel Wilford) reap a lean harvest

## "Lean Harvest."

THE God of Gold, Mr. Ronald Jeans reminds us in *Lean Harvest*, is a hard master. The poor have no fun at all, and the rich rapidly degenerate into miserable automatons. It is a toss-up whether happiness endures longer under poverty or affluence. Take your choice, says Mr. Jeans, but refrains from the obvious comment that while fools and knaves can make money it takes a wise man to enjoy it. As a firm believer in compromise I decline to read into his photographic story a moral of despair. Money, like all forms of power, is a test of character. Too little of it is damnable, too much is dangerous. If riches turn your head or make you miserable you deserve all you get—and lose.

Brother Steven and Brother Nigel occupy the horns of the Jeans' dilemma. Steven (Mr. J. H. Roberts) writes feeble Jacobite novels and settles down with Anne (Miss Isabel Wilford) to a family life of drudgery and debts. Brother Nigel (Mr. Leslie Banks) throws over Anne and a job of £600 a year (not to be sneezed at, incidentally, in 1919), seeks his fortune in London, marries the worldly but charming Celia (Miss Diana Wynyard), amasses half-a-million and a title, loses his wife and his health, and finally expires from a stroke. His money goes not to Celia, who

has run away with her stolid £500 a year lover (Mr. Nigel Bruce), but to Steven and Anne, who end the play with a hint that they too will soon be leading independent lives of drift and disaster. Against this disturbing inference I set their three children. Nigel and Celia had none—a significant fact which Mr. Jeans has omitted to stress.

The story, in three acts and twelve scenes, bristles with wit, humour, and sharp observation; the progress of Nigel, social, pecuniary, and mental, deepens in force and intensity; the characters are alive and human. Critics of the bits-and-pieces method are entitled to draw comparisons between the film sequences of Hollywood and the craftsmanship of older dramatists whose art lay in conveying in a few sentences what the exponents of the episodic school require a prologue and half-a-dozen fragmentary scenes to reveal. The new technique is certainly photographic as well as fashionable; but it makes for accuracy and achieves variety.

Mr. Jeans's mastery of the revue sketch, a difficult medium demanding the utmost brevity, stands him in good stead. All his twelve scenes are precise and to the point, and in two of them he rings the changes on the narrative method. Nigel's dream, in which Steven's model home life is grotesquely mixed up



POOR BUT HONEST

Mr. Nigel Bruce as the £500-a-year lover with whom the rich man's wife problematically runs away



with stocks and shares, is an effective and sudden side-step into fantasy and satire. Nigel's death, with its phantasmagoria of rising voices and ghostly figures—even the scenery moves inwards—enveloping the doomed man's fast-disintegrating brain, is a vivid piece of expressionism. Both scenes reveal the high-water-mark of Mr. Raymond Massey's brilliant production, and in the last Mr. Leslie Banks reaches the climax of a *tour de force* remarkable for its swift transition and concentrated nervous energy. Nigel's metamorphosis and collapse are miracles of highly-strung suggestion and cumulative horror.

Miss Isabel Wilford's appealing, homely Anne, Miss Alex Frizell's simple-hearted mother, Mr. F. E. Piper's and Miss Margot Sieveking's vignette of a rural bank-manager and his wife, Miss Joan Swinstead's brief impression of a psycho-intellectual, and Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds' authentic doctor are evidence of good and careful work. Mr. J. H. Roberts' delicate touch in the minor key has lost nothing in subtlety and satire; Mr. Nigel Bruce, as the honest lover, directs the heavy artillery of the inarticulate low-brow to amusing purpose; and Miss Diana Wynyard, looking equally lovely in the dresses of 1909 and 1930, reveals glimpses of Celia's surface glitter and sub-emotional stresses with a finesse which consolidates her reputation. A play to see—pleasing, pointed, and provocative.

#### "Black Coffee."

The stalls of the Little Theatre command a fine view of Sir Claude Amory's study before and after that tyrannical scientist was discovered to be dead in his post-prandial chair. Had a certain Baker Street practitioner been sitting next to me I should have called his attention to the contents of two ornaments on the mantelpiece. Dr. Watson might possibly have replied, in one of his lucid intervals, that the evidence which they displayed of Sir Claude's economy as a smoker was in keeping with his reputation as a miser. Nevertheless I should have made my point.

Someone had stolen the formula of a new explosive from Sir Claude's safe before dinner. Now, over the coffee cups, host and guests were sitting behind locked doors and windows. On the stroke of nine the butler—Sir Claude had a keen eye for the dramatic—would turn out the lights. If, under the cover of darkness, the thief restored the formula, all would

(hyoscine) in Sir Claude's coffee, and who stole the formula? Perhaps Mrs. Agatha Christie takes rather a mean advantage of us now and then. Certainly we cannot be accused of being slow in the uptake if we fail to elucidate something which took place off-stage. But on the whole, making due allowances for the tricks of the trade (including the box of deadly war-time drugs and the familiar stratagem with doped whisky), no one can seriously complain of the methods used to throw dust in our eyes—dust is a significant clue as it happened—in sufficiently large quantities to keep us in a pleasurable buzz of excitement and suspense.

The innocent, of course, immediately begin to behave as though they were guilty. The butler, like the prune in the song, wears a worried look; Sir Claude's son Richard detests his father and is heavily in debt; Richard's half-Italian wife, Lucia, who has a dark past and some clandestine understanding with the mysterious stranger Dr. Carelli, has tried to poison herself under our very noses; while Dr. Carelli himself might well be the



"ALONE I DID IT"

No love was lost between the murdered scientist and his son (Mr. Randolph McLeod) who confessed to poisoning father's coffee. But that didn't prove he was guilty



POIROT AND A NEO-BORGIAN

The immortal Hercule (Mr. Frances L. Sullivan) cross-examines Lucia (Miss Jane Millican)

spy of a foreign government, and in any case is plainly up to no good purpose. That leaves the discursive Aunt Caroline, her flippant niece Barbara, Sir Claude's nondescript secretary, the officious village doctor whom we can count out straightaway, together with Poirot's old ally, the not too

brilliant Inspector Japp from Scotland Yard. Poor Scotland Yard! It has never recovered from the slur cast upon its intelligence by Sherlock Holmes.

How tangled is the skein which Poirot is called upon to unravel I cannot describe without risk of blowing the author's gaff. Suffice it to say that our suspicions are kept perpetually on the hop, that there is every excuse for jumping erroneously to false conclusions, and that Poirot's eye for detail, his profitable habit of rearranging cushions and straightening bric-à-brac, his sly humour, his powers of bluff, sympathy, and intuition, are given ample scope to satisfy the most fervent admirer of Mrs. Christie's famous bloodhound.

Mr. Charles L. Sullivan's Poirot is his own and borrows nothing from Mr. Charles Laughton's former study in the macabre; it is a thoroughly sound and entertaining performance. His colleagues, all of whom deserve the individual mention denied by dwindling space, have less scope for character development, but manage to touch up their portraits with some effective strokes. Altogether this brew of *Black Coffee* can be commended as a palatable compromise between a sedative and a stimulant.

"TRINCULO."



EASY MEAT

The playful Barbara (Miss Rénée Gadd) pulls the leg of Captain Hastings (Mr. Roland Culver), Poirot's equivalent of Dr. Watson

be well. If not, M. Hercule Poirot, Belgium's sleuth of sleuths, would take up the chase.

A series of gasps, the sound of tearing silk, the metallic ring of a falling key, a woman's scream. The lights go up, the door opens to admit the genial Poirot and his fatuous lieutenant, Sir Claude, sits dead in his chair, and the formula is still missing. Who put the poison

## FROM SCOTLAND AND ERIN



AT THE ANGUS ROVER SCOUTS' SPORTS:  
MAJOR OGILVY, MR. LAWRENCE BOYD AND  
MISS GRAY-CHEAPE



AT THE FORFAR SCOUTS' FETE AUNT SALLY: LORD OGILVY, LORD AIRLIE,  
HIS FATHER, AND (in front) DR. ALLARDICE



MISS NANCY HORSBURGH-PORTER AND  
LADY COOTE



ELLEN, LADY DESART



MRS. GRAHAM-TOLER, MRS. PURDON AND  
MRS. CHUTE

## AT THE MAYFAIR FÊTE IN DUBLIN

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

The Mayfair Fête in Dublin was held in the grounds of Lord Iveagh's house at St. Stephen's Green and was in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. Ellen, Lady Desart, who is a Senator of the Free State, was helping at the Kilkenny stall. Miss Horsburgh-Porter, who is a niece of Lord Ashbourne, was helping at Lady Coote's stall. Sir Ralph Coote is Ireland's premier baronet. Mrs. Graham-Toler, Mrs. Purdon, and Mrs. Chute were helping at the Westmeath stall. Mr. Otway Graham-Toler is heir-presumptive to the Earl of Norbury and Mrs. Chute is Mrs. Graham-Toler's sister. Captain and Mrs. Purdon are well known with the Westmeath hounds. Miss Gray-Cheape, who is in one of the two groups at the top, is to be presented at one of this year's Courts. Little Lord Ogilvy, who is with his father, looks as if he might have missed the target with his first round at the lady who is always in trouble!





### A COMING-OF-AGE PARTY AT DAVENTRY

*Bale*

FOR MAJOR AND MRS. GERRARD'S TWIN DAUGHTERS

Wilton Place, Major and Mrs. Gerrard's charming house at Daventry, was filled to the roof-tree for the coming-of-age party they gave for their twin daughters, Ruth and Pamela, and the principal event was a dance at which about one hundred and eighty forgathered. The grounds and the lake were appropriately illuminated, and everything possible done to make it the sparkling success it was. In this group, which was taken the morning after the dance, the names, left to right, reading downwards, are. Mr. Hardy, Mr. Doller, Mr. Derick Fisher, Mr. Gough Calthorpe, Miss Du Boulay, Mr. Prior-Palmer, Mr. Graves, Miss Peto, Mr. Player, Mr. Findlay, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Findlay, Mr. Peacock, the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer, Mr. Paget, Mrs. Gerrard, Mrs. Findlay, Mr. Smith-Bingham, Major Gerrard, Miss Ruth Gerrard, Miss Pamela Gerrard, and another. Mrs. Findlay and Mrs. Henderson are sisters of Miss Ruth and Mrs. Pamela Gerrard



MLLE. MONA GOYA

A first picture from America of the pretty young French actress who has gone to Hollywood to play in some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. She is a clever little artiste, but she was chosen also because she photographs so well

**S**TILL in my nursing home, Très Cher . . . and enjoying it! (thanks for kind h'inquiries). I have reached the pleasant stage—the sitting-up woolly-shawl stage (though please translate woolly shawl as something rather more seductive in crêpe de chine)—when one receives packages of new novels with enthusiasm, when one wonders what visitors are likely to materialize during the course of the afternoon, and one finds considerable entertainment in composing one's daily menu (carefully edited by "Sister") from the luscious suggestions sent up by the chef. From this you will gather that the Clinique Médicale de Paris is a Ritz amongst nursing homes . . . and you will not be wrong.

**B**eing a contrary animal with a need for very little sleep I find the "long night hours" not so long as all that. I enjoy lying in my pillow-packed bed close to a tall "French" window, wide open to the stars. The balcony is full of the flowers that are banished from the room at dusk. In the luminous spring night one can still almost distinguish their gorgeous colourings. The haughty and rather swollen florist-bought tulips, and those others that I like best—smaller poor relations in the flower hierarchy—and more graceful, that come straight from a friend's garden; the cloudy masses of a bowl of sweet peas, the tremulous gleam of the big, fragile, white, and orange poppies; the great bowl of primroses, forget-me-nots, and pansies; the giant carnations, rather conscious of their worth and rather disdainful of the clump of cottage roses showing their little golden hearts amidst dark petals and the green of innumerable buds. . . . As the night advances and grows cool the scent of the well-clipped lawns that border the Avenue Foch, and the fresh-leaved trees of the Bois de Boulogne, a couple

## Priscilla in Paris

of hundred yards away, comes stealing over the roof tops (my room looks on to an inner garden), and I can imagine—thanks to a wise ukase that forbids the use of automobile horns or sirens after midnight—that I am in the sweet-smelling stillness of the country. A little later in the year I imagine that I would be able to hear the faint echo of the dance music at Armenonville and the Porte Dauphine . . . but these summer haunts are not yet open! A little after dawn come the sparrows—later to be hunted away by some gross-feeding pigeons, bloated things that I find somewhat repulsive, because they are sly as well as bold—and they breakfast noisily on the roll that I have kept for them from last night's dinner. . . .

**R**ather maudlin all this, *n'est-ce pas*, Très Cher, and—so far as concerns last night—not strictly veracious, for last night (and the afternoon preceding it) pandemonium reigned in the avenue Foch (ex-avenue du Bois) on account of the intense traffic between Paris and Versailles, where that sma' business of electing a new President of the R.F. was in progress. Howsumever, Presidents in this country are elected but every seven years, which is not too often to upset the wide and calm dignity of the finest thoroughfare in Paris . . . oh yes, quite the finest since the Champs-Élysées (don't forget the hyphen please, Mr. Printer) is (or "are" Mademoiselle America?) in the hands of Trade! It was a gorgeous day for the election but how our venerable *pères conscrits* must have sweated, poor dears! So bad for old gentlemen, too, with all the crush an' excitement an' all.

**A**s usual the three or four worth-while hotels of Versailles performed their own little version of the miracle of the loaves and fishes by accommodating *le tout Paris* in their not over vast dining-rooms. The "officials" were crammed into the *réservoirs*,

but *le monde*, as tradition desires it so should be, fore gathered at the Trianon. There (so my Lord and Master who was present informs me) were to be seen such figureheads as M. Chiappe, our *Préfet de Police* (responsible for the abolition of "nocturnal noises" amongst other benefits he has showered upon this burg), the Maharajah of Kapurthala, Lord Tyrrell, the Comtesse de Noailles, Madame André Citroën, the Marquise de Crussol, Sacha Guitry and, of course, Yvonne Printemps, Mary Marquet of the Comédie Française, Madame Ganna Walska, Madame Cora Laparcerie (in private life Madame Jacques Richepin) whose daughter, the day before, had married M. Jean Max, the actor who played the leading rôle in Jacques Richepin's recent—and greatly discussed—dramatic play, *L'Affaire Dreyfus*. Any number of pretty actresses, of course, and ditto journalists, led by that most persevering young female, Mlle. Odette Pannetier, who first terrifies her victims, then loves them, and then renders them mad (read her interviews of the Great in "Candide"), and is withal most entertaining. . . . There were others—but you will probably recognize them for yourself on the "News Reels" of the movies, and anyway I've written enuf, and here's Sister with my eleventh! So love, and the usual, T.C.—PRISCILLA.



ALANOVA

Alanova, and this is her latest picture. She made good in Paris from the very moment of her début as a dancer at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées. She returned to that theatre on the 18th for another season. Classic, Russian, modern German, the symbolic, all come alike to her, and her versatility is practically endless





"NOT POPPY NOR MANDRAGORA"

*A study by Peter North*

## OVERSEAS AND IN "MERRIE" ENGLAND



IN JAPAN: GENERAL NAGAOKA HAS A SPOT OF BOTHER WITH HIS MOUSTACHE



AT MONTE CARLO: LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM



Stuart  
MADAME MATHIEU AND MISS BETTY NUTHALL



MR. I. A. R. PEEBLES



Stuart  
MISS MARY HEELEY AND MR. F. J. PERRY

A most interesting bag is contained in this page, for if any of the other pictures are considered dull the one of the longest moustache in all Japan surely compensates? Japanese gentlemen do not as a rule go very large on moustaches, and General Nagaoka, who was having tea with some girl friends at a place called Takata, is quite in a class by himself. Lady Brougham, who is on her honeymoon, was formerly Miss Valerie French, and was married last month. Madame Mathieu and Miss Betty Nuthall had just met for the fourth time at Bournemouth, where the French lady champion won. Miss Heeley and Mr. Perry at the same tournament put out Miss Nuthall and Dr. P. D. B. Spence in the mixed, and most of the people who were at Bournemouth were signalled as starters in the coming French Championships. Mr. I. A. R. Peebles (Oxford, England, and Middlesex) is acting as captain of his county team, and made a bit of hay with Glamorgan the other day. He got three of their wickets in one over for no run





*I always smoke*

*Player's  
Please*

25  
for  
1/3

THOSE WHO DELIGHT IN THE OPEN  
AIR ARE ATTRACTED BY THE COOL  
SWEET FRAGRANCE OF PLAYER'S

H.F.E.33



LA CLEF D

By Webster





DÉFENDUE

Murray



SUPERB ABDULLA CIGARETTES

*Wild Week-Ends with Abdulla*

## P E T S.

"Down, down, you darling noisy pair! You'll ruffle Mr. Prism's hair!  
Our Bison-hounds are so unique—Dear Baba wants to lick your cheek.  
Don't mind a playful nip or two, it shows that they approve of you.  
They only knocked you down in fun—they don't do that with everyone.

"Oh, naughty Pongo, you've upset our Guest's enchanting Cigarette!  
No—leave the Box alone, my sweet. It's not for angel-dogs to eat . . . .  
What, Mr. Prism, walking lame? You had too rough a little game.  
If you will pat the lambs instead, *perhaps they'll sleep upon your bed!*"

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN





MISS LUPE VELEZ AND "GONZALES"



AT EL MIRADOR PALM SPRINGS: MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE (MISS ETHEL LEVY)

## FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC



MISS RAQUEL TORRES

Lupe Velez, like Raquel Torres, hails from Mexico, and both of them are in the first flight in the motion picture business. Lupe Velez' latest picture is "Resurrection," which she has done for the Universal Films Company. Raquel Torres, who is only 23, went straight from a convent in Los Angeles into the job of Monte Blue's leading lady—a rather violent change of scene. Mr. Claude Grahame-White and his wife have bought Pauline Frederick's house in the Beverley Hills near Hollywood and Ethel Levey has just signed a contract to appear in various films which are to be made in the capital of the movie world

## DATES IN THE

## SOCIAL DIARY



POLITICIANS AT PLAY: (Left)—LORD LOTHIAN AND LADY ASTOR; (centre)—LORD WESTMORLAND; AND (right)—SIR HENRY BUCKINGHAM AND CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE AT WALTON HEATH FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY HANDICAP



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND HER SON IN THE PARK



RACING AT GATWICK: LADY WODEHOUSE, MRS. KELLETT, AND MRS. K. L. GOLDING



MR. JOHN DRURY-LOWE AND HIS WIFE AT LOCKO PARK

Over eighty political personages gathered at Walton Heath on May 16 to contest the early rounds of the Parliamentary Handicap. Lady Astor was the only feminine competitor, and after receiving a bye into the second round beat Lord Lothian on the last green. Lord Westmorland reached the third round at the expense of Brigadier-General Sir George Cockerill, the member for Reigate. Sir Henry Buckingham, who represents the Guildford division, was beaten by Captain Euan Wallace, but the Member for Hornsey did not survive the second round. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey's friends in London wish that her visits to the Metropolis were more frequent. She was up the other day and brought her elder son, Patrick, with her. After Newmarket, Gatwick provided the next rendezvous for racing enthusiasts, among whom were Lady Wodehouse and Mrs. Kellett, who is Mrs. Geoffrey Pease's sister. Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, who were recently staying at his father's beautiful home in Derbyshire, have a very nice house of their own in Gloucester Place. Mrs. Drury-Lowe was formerly Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere



# THE BUDS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING



MISS BABA AND MISS NANCY BEATON—A RECENT PICTURE

*Pearl Freeman*



LADY DIANA WELLESLEY

*Pearl Freeman*



MISS CATHERINE GRAHAM-HUTCHISON

*Pearl Freeman*



MISS EILEEN VAUGHAN



THE HON. ISABEL ARUNDELL

*Pearl Freeman*

With the May Courts (19th and 20th) the débutantes' busy season may be said to commence in real earnest, and though all the flowers that bloom in the spring have been given every chance of having their little petals nipped by the cold, the Season—in capital letters—is officially upon us. Lady Diana Wellesley is Clare, Lady Cowley's daughter, and a cousin of Lady Douro who presented her. Miss Baba Beaton and her sister, who are always so hotly pursued by the camera, were helping in the recent charity show, "A Day in the Life of a Débutante," at the London Hippodrome. Miss Eileen Vaughan, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Vaughan, was presented at the first Court by Mrs. J. R. Clynes, the wife of the Home Secretary. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Graham-Hutchison gave a dance for their daughter earlier in May. Mrs. Graham-Hutchison is a daughter of Sir John Wood, Bt., of Hengrave Hall, Bury St. Edmunds. The Hon. Isabel Arundell, a daughter of Lord and Lady Arundell of Wardour, is yet another of this year's presentations

# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By

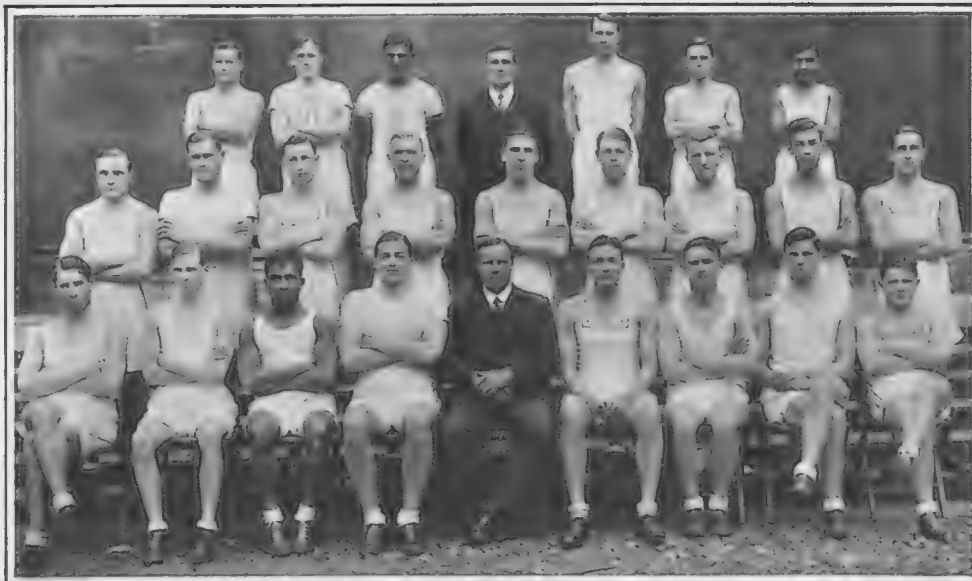
With the fairness for which the Communist press is so famed, it has asserted that now that Spain has got rid of King Alfonso, she will also get rid of the sport of bull-fighting—the King, according to his critics, being the one person who kept bull-fighting alive, and apparently the only person in all Spain who wanted it. Nothing much more widely divorced from the truth ever could have been written. If King Alfonso had wanted a quicker revolution than the vagaries of any of his dictators eventually procured for him, the short road was to wipe out the bull-fight. It would have created a situation such as would be certain, if the present, or any future Government, in England wiped out Soccer. Both these games stand upon much the same platform where popularity is concerned; the only difference being that bull-fighting is a bit older and that its professors get even more adulation than any Soccer pro. Anything that happens at Wembley when West Bromwich Albion have an up-and-down with Birmingham is as nothing to what they do at, say, San Sebastian when a star toreador is billed to do a bit of high-class beef-butcherery. I have never personally assisted at a bull-fight and I cannot say that I am at all anxious to do so, but I have before me a very good and photographic description of what happens sent me by an English friend who has a photographic pen.



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES  
BAILLIE-HAMILTON

Snapshotted in the Park last week. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton was Miss Wanda Holden, and married Lord Haddington's brother in 1929

It is not upon the cruelty side of it which my friend focuses principally, because he says that, after what you see one of these fighting bulls do, even before he is touched, it makes you think of what he would do to you if he caught you bending; but he does emphasize the function side of it, the mad popular enthusiasm, and also the wonderful skill of the performers. After reading the record of what he saw with his own eyes, how stupidly vicious it makes King Alfonso's Communist



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOXING CLUB, 1931

A group which will interest some gentlemen at the rival establishment a bit later on

The names, left to right, are: Back row—C. J. Molteno (Downing), P. A. N. Milmo (Trinity), S. W. Dassenaike (Emmanuel), W. Child (boxing instructor), J. Lean (Jesus), E. W. Denison (Sidney Sussex), F. W. D. Obeyesekere (Trinity). Second row—A. L. Levey-Teesdale (Christ's), W. D. Dunn (Clare), P. J. Oppenheim (Jesus), T. Burrowes (Caius), T. G. Bone (Christ's), A. G. Sharpe (Clare), J. L. Nolan (Emmanuel), D. W. Bentinck (Sidney Sussex), Prince Jit Singh (St. Catharine's). Front row—F. W. L. Blaikie (Caius), P. J. Macdonald (Magdalene), D. G. Obeyesekere (Trinity), S. Knox-Cunningham (Clare), captain; D. Portway, Esq., president; C. N. Godwin (Jesus), J. P. Cowan (St. Catharine's), B. M. Strouts (St. John's), P. Marx (Jesus)

R. S. Crisp

critics look. My friend writes: On arrival at San Sebastian, after a glorious drive over the frontier into Spain, and through the Pyrenees, we had about two hours to wait, so we went around the city, and as my Yank friend had been there several times before we saw all the objects of interest in record time. In passing, I might say that San Sebastian is one of the finest cities I have ever been to in my life. Beautiful buildings, with lovely parks and gardens, one of the finest bathing beaches on earth, and a range of mountains completely surrounding the city.

We refreshed at an excellent hotel, and by this time the huge crowds were thronging the streets and making

for the Plaza de Toros (I think that is the right way to spell it), where the arena stands. This is a somewhat dank and murderous-looking stone pile of buildings standing on the top of a hill overlooking the town. The building is circular in plan and holds about 40,000 people, and is very much like a Roman amphitheatre, the centre part of course being open to the sky. It was a blazing hot day, and we took the precaution to have seats in the shade. A few minutes before the show began every seat had been taken and house-full boards hung out.

The excitement in the town was intense as it was a "Fête Day." The streets were packed with throngs of people all going to the show—motor-cars by the hundred, mostly of a very expensive type—and the noise was deafening. Trumpets tore the air in every direction, every bell on earth seemed to be doing its bit, bombs and fireworks burst and crackled, and even mouth organs and penny trumpets were requisitioned to help in the good work.



AT BRIONI; BRIG-GENERAL  
PERCY FITZGERALD

"The Jewel of the Adriatic" is the other name for Brioni—and anyway it is a very pleasant spot. Brig-General Percy Fitzgerald is an ex-11th Hussar

(Continued on p. viii)



EVERY  
STEP  
ENSURES  
COMFORT



In this diagram the solid line indicates the sole of the Cantilever Shoe, the dotted line the sole of the ordinary shoe. See how the comfortable Cantilever Shoe conforms to the natural, straight inner line of the foot and provides ample toe room where the ordinary shoe would force the big toe inwards to squeeze, crowd and cramp the other toes.

Every step in Cantilever Shoes ensures comfort. Tired and aching feet are unknown to those cheerful, strenuous Cantilever wearers. The reason is that Cantilever Shoes are designed to conform easily and naturally to the normal foot. Unlike many shoes they do not require that the normal foot shall be warped and squeezed to their own particular shape. Read carefully the diagram on the right. You will learn just one of the many ways in which the makers of Cantilever Shoes are determined to make your walking comfortable. Cantilever Shoes must be fitted by a personal call at a Cantilever Store. Write for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store and for free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principle to:—

CANTILEVER LIMITED, NORTHAMPTON

# Cantilever Shoes

are made for women, children and men

C. L. 288



AT A NEW YORK CHARITY CARNIVAL

Princess Obolensky, the former Alice Astor, in her costume representing the Madeleine Church in the Paris scene with her attending choir boys, at the brilliant charity carnival called "Enchantment" in Madison Square Garden in New York

The village idiot found a florin lying in the road. He picked it up, when a man near by shouted:

"Hi! That's my half-crown!"

"Just my luck," said the finder, with a sigh as he handed it over. "I shall have to owe you sixpence."

He had been told by his doctor to take up golf, and he accordingly went off to one of the largest of the stores and bought a set of very expensive clubs. On his first day at the club the pro. examined them with a critical eye. He took each club out in turn, waggled it, felt the shaft, and put it back. Then he pronounced judgment:

"The brassie's the worst!"

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A Colonial on holiday in London met two men who, ascertaining his fondness for a game of bridge, asked him to come to their flat for a few rubbers. A fourth was soon found.

Although he was no mean player, the Colonial soon discovered that his opponents played with uncanny excellence, although he could detect nothing wrong.

When at last, many pounds out of pocket, he left them, he said, dryly: "Well, gentlemen, thank you very much for 'having' me."

The club bore had been at it for hours. "Picture the jungle by night," he said dramatically, "the prowling lion in search of his prey, and me lying only a few feet away."

Brown stood up. "Quite! But there's no need to picture the last part," he said, as he walked away. "I can hear you!"

"Nothing can make a woman so superlatively happy as to have a baby of her own to kiss," exclaimed the young wife rapturously, as she fondled her first-born.

"My dear," replied her husband pityingly, "you can never know the unutterable joy of being 'next' in a crowded barber's shop on Saturday night."

The prison chaplain discovered an old hand during his rounds. "Why are you here again, Bill?" he asked sorrowfully.

"Because of my belief," answered Bill.

"Because of your belief? What do you mean?"

"I believed the policeman had gone by."

A woman ran away from her husband and went to live in an hotel.

After several days she went back to him. She said she couldn't stand looking at the sign on the hotel door every time she went out. It troubled her conscience. The sign was: "Think: have you left anything?"

The following extract was taken from the English section of a Siamese newspaper: "Shooting Outrage — O Fearful Agony. Khoom Tong was a man of Lampoon, and on his return accidentally shot at by miscreant scoundrels. Untimely death, oh fearful! All men expressed their mourn. The cowardice dogs is still at large."

A man was appearing before the magistrate on a charge of drunkenness.

"What reason had you for thinking that the prisoner was not sober?" asked the magistrate.

The policeman replied: "He rang the door-bell and put twopence in the letter-box. Then he put an empty milk bottle to his ear, said 'No reply,' and went to sleep on the door-step."

Two Irishmen had been having a great argument. "The sooner I never see your face again," said one, "the better it will be for both of us when we meet."



IN "L'USINE À FOLIES" IN PARIS

Capella, Romoff, Naldi, and Andrée, the dance quartette who create a sensation in the new revue of the Folies Bergère, "L'Usine à Folies"



# WEATHER: Clear and Fair

## SKIN: Cloudy and Unsettled



### Is that YOUR June Report?

One's skin has a way of not rhyming with the weather at this time of year. That is because the ravages caused by February's cold, March's inconsistency and April's showers show so plainly in the clear light of May and June

Cheer up! Elizabeth Arden prescribes an early summer treatment that will make your skin as clear and fair as the clearest, fairest day in June. Discolourations, eruptions, blotches will respond to this treatment, if it is applied faithfully and according to Miss Arden's simple directions

**FIRST YOUR SKIN MUST BE RECONDITIONED.** After you have cleansed your skin, night and morning, with Cleansing Cream, pat with Spotpruf Lotion. At night, pat a thin film of Spotpruf Cream on the affected areas. This treatment will clear the skin of blemishes

For the oily skin subject to minor eruptions, Miss Arden has prepared the Venetian Ardena Masque, to draw the blood to the face and freshen and clear the surfaces

**THEN YOUR SKIN MUST BE PROTECTED.** Once you have achieved a clear, unblemished skin, it is wise to safeguard it against sun, wind and the inclemency of the weather. The means of protection depends upon whether your skin is average, oily or dry. For a normal skin, Miss Arden recommends Amoretta Cream; for a dry skin, Ultra-Amoretta; for an oily skin, Lille Lotion. For sports or evening there is Protecta Cream. These protective preparations serve as perfect powder foundations and give a satiny finish to the skin

Write to Elizabeth Arden for personal advice regarding the care of your skin at home

*Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations  
are on sale at smart shops in all cities in the world*

Venetian Cleansing Cream, 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6	Amoretta Cream, 4/6, 8/6
Spotpruf Lotion, 12/6	Ultra-Amoretta Cream, 4/6, 8/6
Spotpruf Cream, 21/-	Lille Lotion, 6/6, 10/6
Venetian Ardena Masque, 14/6, 20/-	Protecta Cream, 6/6, 10/6, 12/6

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PARIS

BERLIN

MADRID

ROME

# POLO NOTES

By  
"SERREFILE."

**A**LTHOUGH Hurlingham is the G.H.Q., of English polo and London generally the lodestone of every enthusiast, our real Meadowbrook ought to be the Beaufort Polo Club at Norton, where they have any number of

grounds, and it is not such a serious matter if a few of them are cut to bits by playing on them when they are wet. Here we have a very restricted supply and cannot afford to have even one ground in hospital for any time at all. As the head of the Board of Works is so fond of increasing the resources for the pleasures of the proletariat, why not put a first-class polo ground into working order somewhere in Hyde Park? It might be a useful and decorative adjunct to his Serpentine Lido. All his friends understand the principles of Soccer so that they would quickly pick up the main scheme of the polo game which is nearly akin.

"Polo at Popular Prices" seems to me to be a capital slogan. I daresay that if Mr. Lansbury did it well, as why should he not if Mr. Snowden will let him, he might make a bumper success of it. *Panem et circenses* in the past was a popular remedy with gentlemen even more distinguished than Mr. Lansbury for keeping people from getting hot under the collar. A capital suggestion I venture to think, and anyway it would help to remove the popular impression that the very ancient game of polo is "crocky on 'orseback." A little extra help would do no harm. Also, much as we may hear to the contrary, even the Hyde Park orator, who hates everyone who does not believe in a gory revolution, is quite convinced that the horse is not obsolete. Look how fond they are of watching end-over-enders at steeplechase meetings, and what a lot of enthusiasm the red coats and the yelping of the dogs at the fox-hunt creates! So why not give 'em a show where polo is concerned? Mr. Lansbury, being so fond of horses and such a good judge of a war-horse in particular, I feel sure will lend a sympathetic ear to the suggestion. They have free polo for the multitude in "The Phaynix," so why not in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, seeing that we are so short of grounds?

**T**he Subalterns' Gold Cup Tournament, which is a Ranelagh fixture and the final of which is played on July 11 at Ranelagh, where also some of the second-round ties are played and the semi-finals, has drawn all the regiments which are entered in the Inter-Regimental—that is twelve; the Subalterns' Cup not being open to the Navy, Lord Louis Mountbatten's team is not a starter. Last year the 17th/21st won, beating the 5th D.G.'s 13 to 5, the Inniskillings having come

into the final after defeating the R.A. subalterns in a hard battle 6 to 4. The Bays' subalterns were wiped out by the Greys 19 to 0. The Bays' regimental team has not a single subaltern in it—at the moment. I should think that the three best in this

year will be last year's runners-up, the 5th D.G.'s, most certainly the Greys' subalterns, who might easily win it outright, for last season the 17th/21st only just scraped home in front of them, 6 to 5, in their semi-final; whereas the holders beat the 5th D.G.'s 13 to 1. In the 17th/21st v. Greys semi-final, the heavy cavalry were going by far the better of the two teams for most of the way. The 17th/21st Lancers were slow off the mark, and took a long time to get on their feet; the Greys, on the other hand, were almost American in their methods and pressed hard from the very start. I should think that whatever beats them this year wins it. I am here and now, however, tipping them to win.

**T**he Whitney Cup and the Ranelagh Spring Handicap have

been meandering their several ways along at the Hurlingham and Ranelagh grounds during the past week, and the headlines in the Press reports, which told us that the Hurricanes had been wiped off the face of the earth by Merchiston in the Whitney Cup, might have made us sit up and cock our ears if we had not read more and discovered that

there were only two real "Hurricanes" in the champion team, the "owner" and Captain C. T. I. Roark. Merchiston won 10½ to 1 with only a 2½ goals start. Without disparagement to the other two Hurricanes, the little encounter proved yet once again that two men can never play four. The Merchiston team's performance rather encourages one to think that I am right in believing that the Greys will be knocking at the door in the Inter-Regimental, for the whole team bar Captain J. F. Sanderson, 4th/7th D.G.'s, are Greys, and two of them are Captain H. N. Scott-Robson, who is not now however in the regiment, and Mr. H. P. Guinness, who got his International colours last year. I do not know exactly what the Greys' team will be this year, but probably Mr. M. H. E. Lopes, Mr. R. L. Findlay, Mr. H. R. Mackeson, and Mr. H. P. Guinness—a combination which, even if it does not win the Inter-Regimental, ought to take a lot of whacking in the Subalterns' Cup.

**A**t Ranelagh in the Spring Handicap it was also encouraging to see the Bluejackets going so well, and in their tie they showed the Blues "A" that they hadn't a hope of

(Continued on p. vi)



AN OXFORDSHIRE GROUP

Mr. Jackson and his three daughters plus the International crack, Captain C. T. I. Roark. Mr. Jackson and family are all keen polo players, and make up quite a nice little domestic team



IN RICHMOND PARK: MRS. J. G. MORRISON AND MR. JACK TRAILL

Women's polo in Richmond Park is no new thing, and is getting more and more popular. Mr. Traill is here seen giving a little expert instruction





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**CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK**  
(Slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and relaxation; eradicates lines.

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Easily removes make-up and Skin Food.

**CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION**  
Gives a smooth velvety finish under powder.

**CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION**  
For use instead of soap, or whenever washing is inconvenient.

**CYCLAX POWDER** ✧ ✧ ✧  
is made in seven shades or blended specially to suit your colouring.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET: "THE ART OF  
BEING LOVELY" — BY FRANCES HEMMING



# BILL

## The Life Story of an Eland

By  
H. W. MARTIN



For the first three months or so he slept in Elkington's hut, but he grew so rapidly that latterly we had to back him out, the hut being too small for him to turn in, so we built him a hut of his own.

Although devoted to us, Bill never took to the natives, and they soon learned to give him a wide berth, for he used to knock them over like skittles.

When he was eighteen months old we thought it was time that Bill should be taught to make himself useful, and it was decided to break him to the saddle, so we folded a blanket military style for a numnah, and a strip of raw hide as a circingle.

I then hoisted Elkington up, for although little more than a yearling Bill stood fully sixteen hands.

Things went well for a second or two, then Bill gave a wriggle, and Elkington slithered to the ground. "The beastly thing hasn't got its skin fixed on properly," he shouted.

Then I mounted to show him how it should be done. I was no sooner on his back than he gave a lurch, and I found myself hugging him round the neck. To those who think that riding an eland is like riding a horse let me tell them it is not. A horse's skin stays in one place.

We now got to work with canvas and raw hide, and eventually improvised a saddle complete with cropper and breast band. I then suggested a bit—even a wooden one would be better than nothing. "No," Elkington said, "Bill is so sensitive that reins fastened to his halter would be sufficient to guide and pull him in." I had my doubts, but let it go at that.

After testing his many fastenings to satisfy myself that nothing was likely to come unstuck, I climbed up. Bill looked round at me inquiringly, then shook himself, but finding he could not get rid of me, legged it for all he was worth.

I pulled at those reins as I had never pulled before, but the strain put on them had no effect, unless it was to make him go faster. Presently another danger loomed up; this was in the form of a large branch of a mahogany tree overhanging the path Bill was galloping along.

I managed to slip my feet out of the raw hide loops which served as stirrups just in time to grab the branch as Bill passed under it, and was left dangling.

When I dropped to the ground Bill was out of sight, so I walked back to camp knowing more of the ways of elands than when I set out; the only one who seemed to enjoy the incident was Elkington.

When Bill walked into camp a little later I took his trappings off and told him what I thought of him.

The next day I told Elkington that I would ride that eland, but not in the vicinity of the camp, so I saddled him and led him into Massi Kessi, where I got the blacksmith to put a copper ring through his nose, then I fastened both ends of a thin rope to it, one on either side of him, the loop of which served as a rein.

The whole of the population of Massi Kessi turned out to see me mount Bill for the return journey—they had never seen a circus.

(Continued overleaf)

WHILE out for guinea-fowl and small buck with a prospector friend named Elkington, near Massi Kessi, Portuguese East Africa, we heard an animal bleating pitifully. Thinking it was a buffalo calf caught in a native trap, we proceeded to the spot from where the sounds came, to release it.

When we had covered a hundred yards or so, an eland calf, about fourteen days old, trotted up to us and rubbed its muzzle against my friend's hand, and then retraced its steps along the game path on which it had come.

We followed the little thing for about five minutes, when it stopped and commenced bleating more pitifully than ever.

On coming up to it we soon saw the cause of its distress, for in the bottom of one of those abominations, a native pitfall which had been dug across the game path, was a cow eland. Being armed with a rifle I shot her, as it would have been hopeless to attempt to get her out of that deep and narrow trench.

On examination we found that both her hind legs were broken, and I think if the nigger who dug that pitfall had appeared just then he would have stood a good chance of having his water-tight compartments perforated.

The calf seemed to sense that we were friends, for it followed our every movement.

Elkington tried to pick it up with a view to carrying it back to camp, but after several attempts had to give it up, it was too heavy and awkward. So I suggested we walk slowly and coax it along.

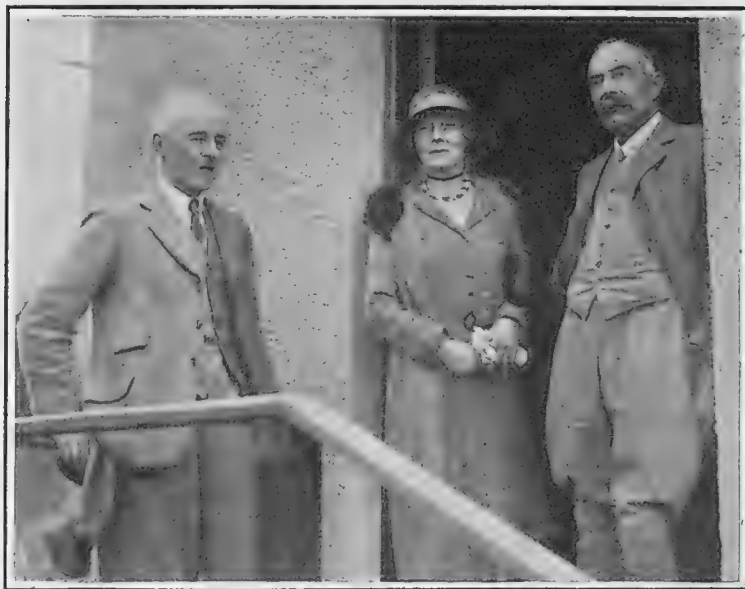
We soon found that it did not need any coaxing, for it put its velvety little muzzle in my friend's hand and stepped out as fearlessly as if accompanied by its mother.

On reaching camp we improvised a feeder by fitting a small piece of rubber tube to a whisky bottle with which we fed him on diluted condensed milk. This the little chap drank greedily, and soon became so affectionate that we vied with each other as to who should feed him; he thrived amazingly and very soon was able to forage for himself.

**Bill**—continued from p. 403

If they expected a display their expectations were certainly fulfilled, for as soon as I was up Bill commenced performing—he tried every stunt in his portfolio.

First of all he bolted, but a twitch of the rein on his nose ring brought him to a standstill within his own length. Then



AT A PERTSHIRE FUNCTION: LORD BLACKBURN, LADY OWEN, AND MR. R. R. CONSTABLE

The Ballintuin Bring and Buy Sale was opened by Lady Owen, the wife of Sir Cecil Owen of Altreoch, Blairgowrie, who has been Chief Assistant Solicitor to the Treasury since 1926. Lord Blackburn, who is a Lord of Session in Scotland, is an uncle by marriage of the Duchess of York as he married Lady Constance Bowes-Lyon, a sister of the Earl of Strathmore

he tried to yank me out of the saddle with his horns. Finding this method ineffective he shook himself as a dog does coming out of the water. Still he could not get rid of the encumbrance, so he started walking backwards. I allowed him to continue till he had had enough, when to my surprise he went forward and soon broke into a trot.

I guided him into the path which led to the camp, and he kept up his swinging pace right to the door of my hut, a distance of twelve miles over rough ground, and which he covered in just over an hour. His education as a riding animal was complete.

Our next job was to train him to carry a pack, so we knocked a pack-saddle together with wood from packing-cases, raw buffalo hide and canvas.

At first we tried him with two bags of sand, each containing a hundredweight. He took very kindly to the pack business, and we gradually increased his load to 500 lb.; this we thought was enough, although I have no doubt he could have carried more.

To complete his education as an all-round utility animal, we had a light spring trolley made, the harness for which we strung together oddments left over from our saddle-making materials.

The first time we harnessed him to the trolley he trotted away with it in great style, probably thinking it was a new game, and had it not been for his tender nose we would have had difficulty in pulling him in. The next day we drove him into Massi Kessi to bring out our monthly supply of provisions.

For weight pulling and carrying, Bill was equal to any twelve native porters and three times as fast. Elkington often rode him on his short prospecting trips, carrying a steel pestle and mortar and about a hundredweight of tools, and I am sure Bill enjoyed these trips every bit as much as his master.

I have ridden some hundreds of horses and many camels in my short life (I am sixty), but for comfort, endurance, and speed, if properly saddled, give me an eland every time.

Bill was very fond of sugar and would go to any length to get a lump. A favourite trick of ours was to place a lump on the branch of a tree, well out of his reach, and watch his antics in trying to get it. First he would try to knock it down with his horns, and if he failed by that method would rear upon his hind legs and hook it off with his tongue.

If either of us was wearing a jacket we had to carry a few lumps of sugar in the pockets or face the consequences, for Bill liked nothing better than to put his nose into a pocket and get the sugar out himself. If after trying both pockets and drawing a blank, he would lower his head and butt the thoughtless one over.

Another trick of his was to get a lump of sugar out of a tunic shirt pocket; these pockets being too small for his muzzle, he yanked the sugar out with his tongue like a winkle from the shell.

When the time for my departure arrived I had great trouble in getting away. Three times I made a start, but on each occasion Bill followed me. I think the affectionate animal sensed that I was leaving, so Elkington had to tie him up until I was well clear of the camp.

For the next two years I visited Elkington's camp fairly frequently, and Bill was always the first to greet me—he would spot me two or three hundred yards away, come trotting along and, after rubbing his muzzle against my hand, would dive into my pockets for the sugar he knew to be there.

Some time later I received a message from Elkington informing me that Bill was dead, and asking me to come along to hear the details of the tragedy.

I left for Elkington's camp early the next morning and, although it was a thirty-five mile trek, I was so anxious to hear what had happened to Bill that I made it in one day, arriving there at 10 p.m.

Elkington told me that he had had to go to Umtali to settle some legal business in respect to a small mining property he owned in Rhodesia, and incautiously told his natives that he was likely to be away for some days and that they were to look well after Bill and not let him out of the stable.

The business in Umtali took a week to complete. On his return Elkington noticed that his personal "boy," whom he had left in Massi Kessi to await him and to meet all trains coming from Umtali, was not at the station when he arrived. So he went to the native servants' quarters at the hotel where the boy was supposed to be staying to rouse him out, and was told that the "boy" had returned to camp the same day as Elkington left for Umtali.

Suspecting that all was not right, he set off hot-foot for the camp, which he reached in record time.

On arrival he found the camp deserted; not a living thing could he see, even the chickens had disappeared. What was once a noisy little camp was now a scene of desolation.

He received his greatest shock when he opened the door of the stable. The place was a veritable shambles, pools of congealed blood on the floor told him only too plainly the fate that had overtaken Bill.

He put the matter in the hands of the police, but all they could discover was that the eland had been speared and eaten by the natives in whose charge it was left when the personal "boy" returned from the station informing them that Elkington had left.

Elkington was never the same afterwards, and died a year later. Grief for Bill may have hastened his end.



AT MONTE: BRIGADIER-GENERAL HARRY CHANDOS-POLE-GELL AND "BANCO"

Brigadier-General Harry Chandos-Pole-Gell used to be in the Coldstream and is a D.L. and J.P. for Derbyshire. He was Hon. Colonel of the North Midland (Howitzer) Brigade from 1913 to 1923, having previously served all through the South African War with the Guards' Brigade





To hear "You'll have a glass of Johnnie Walker before you go?" makes a stranger feel halfway on the road to friendship. Better still, reminds two friends that each likes the other well.

JOHNNIE  
Walker

*Born 1820—still going strong*

# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

The names, left to right, are: Back row—R. H. Angelo, S. E. Mangett, J. D. Argyle, P. N. Labertouche, J. E. Rich, and J. F. Turner; seated—M. Broadhurst, A. C. Johnson, M. H. Matthews (captain) J. G. Byrne, and J. S. Brown

V

THE BUTTERFLIES

R. S. CRISP

The names, left to right, are: Back row—K. H. L. Cooper, D. A. Bompas, K. J. Gardiner, V. F. Ealand, A. M. Baker, and W. E. Gevrish; seated—the Hon. P. F. Remnant, F. G. Turner, A. C. Feasey (captain), W. S. Lonsdale, and P. W. G. Kaun

The match was begun on the School ground at Vincent Square, and after the School had made 42 for 3 the rain came down and washed it out

## Road and Rail.

THE other day, to my great content, I found myself a fellow passenger in a punt with that great pioneer of British motor-ing, Mr. S. F. Edge, both of us being devotees of the angle.

The wind, such as it was, chopped and changed about and was mostly from the east which, as you know, drives the good 'uns to the bottom! and the sun was hidden behind impenetrable screens of clouds, so that the natural fly found something better to do than buzz over the water and encourage the fish to take an interest in our artificial lures. Thus we had ample opportunity to mark all the non-angling activities that were going on around us. These, to be exact, were one in number, and consisted of a railway upon which trains rolled and roared and clanked every twenty minutes or so. Although I really believe that trout pay no attention to such disturbances, I was beginning to think that the trains might have been responsible for their "stiffness," when Mr. Edge broke in upon my thoughts with the suggestion that things in general might be a good deal better all round had we but the common sense and the initiative to throw our railway tracks into motor-roads, or perhaps (better still) a combination of both. For, and this was a point to which he drew my attention, it was undeniable that all these trains, main line and local together, were practically empty. Equally undeniable was it that the great highway near by that serves the same centres of population, was extremely full. Now when Mr. Edge comes forward with a notion I pay more than usual attention to it. He is a man of very wide and very penetrative vision, inclined, if anything, to be the sponsor of causes before their time. Chiefly to him the 6-cylinder car owes its inception, and some day in the future his advocacy of the truly light-weight motor-cars will be recognized and acted upon. Whilst I could readily see that there were a hundred-and-one objections to the scheme, I could not fail to be intrigued with it. The train knocked out the old sort of coach; it was at least conceivable that the new sort of coach might knock out the train. He pooh-poohed the £300,000,000

scheme for the electrification of railways, holding with relentless logic, that all this expenditure would not make matters one whit better. Once people have tasted the joys of independent travel that road transport gives, they will not go back to the rail with its old-fashioned delays and its iron routine. Now, fundamentally, I must believe in the rail, because a steel wheel on a steel track has a lower tractive resistance than a pneumatic tyre upon the best of concrete roads. A single porter can move, and keep on the move, a twelve-ton railway truck, whereas he would just bust his gallant little heart trying to shift a lorry of similar weight. And yet I cannot believe in the rail if it must continue to be administered in the way in which it is organized to-day. I see no signs of trains getting any lighter—which is essential if they are to have a higher performance. I have never yet found aluminium (although there is huge scope for it) entering into the construction of a compartment. And I am well satisfied that on some lines the 1931 time-table shows a lower speed schedule than that which obtained in 1885. When all is said and done, it does seem rather absurd that at this time of day hulking great masses of ponderous iron-mongery should be hoisted up and down this depressed country to no very practical purpose. The obvious improvement is to divide them into smaller units—and that implies the motor-coach that runs

either on rubber or steel. Which material is selected would not be of much moment to me, for I am sure that if railways were converted into roads (and I seriously believe it would be a jolly good thing if they were), I should never patronize them except for an occasional "blind." Long before the metals can be concreted into a road-track the light aeroplane will have asserted itself as the mode *par excellence* of rapid long-distance travel, and as for the rest, give me a good motor-car and the bye-lanes of Britain in which to disport myself, and I shall be happy enough.

## Insurance.

Some little time ago it was strongly represented that with the coming of compulsory insurance there should be a reduction in premia. It is, of course, well

(Continued on p. xvi)



THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN!

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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L I N C O L N



F O R D S O N

A I R C R A F T

# Eve at Golf

By  
ELEANOR E. HELME

THERE are some open meetings which you recognize from the moment you arrive as of the *de luxe* species. The tokens are quite indefinable and have nothing whatever to do with ostentation, but there they are. And if at that point of the round when you are reduced to exhaustion, you should meet a drink-and-fruit stall, and if, moreover, you should be told with a charming smile that there is nothing to pay, then indeed you know yourself in clover. That was what competitors found at Hindhead. They also found Surrey scenery at its most exquisite, which is saying something, particularly when you say it of Hindhead, which is so entrancing all the year round. Then it was a very high-class entry, including the reigning Open Champion, and if she did make "no return," well,



Mrs. Maxwell Rose and her sister, Miss Ross, with (centre) Mrs. John Low at the Woking Spring Meeting

was it not rather a tribute than otherwise to the wiles of Hindhead which could defeat so great a player.

Distances were Miss Fishwick's trouble, though failure to get the touch of the greens cost her almost as much.

It was Miss Dorothy Pearson who rose to the occasion, just as she had done in 1930, and carried off the scratch prize, this time with the very impressive total of 76. You may say quite truly that if she had played her second shots as she should have played them she could have knocked several off even that low



Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Dorothy Pearson, two of the English team for Portmarnock



The Open Champion with her mother, Mrs. Fishwick, and Anastasia (Tannie to her intimates), who finds watching golf not uninteresting

total. But after all 76 is the par, and with quite a bit of breeze blowing nobody could say much about "ought to have been less than that." Her driving was terrific. Miss Pearson's enjoyment of a delicious lunch was almost marred by knowing that Mrs. Percy Garon had started out with a three, a five, and a two for her first three holes. But though she was out in 37, Mrs. Garon found the wind a little too much for her, or perhaps the want of that same good lunch, for she had come all the way from Essex and gone straight out to play, and her total was 77.

There was some stout scoring, too, amongst the handicap returns, especially Miss Hughes of Walton Heath with 72 net, Miss Sim of Worplesdon being second with 74 and adding to that a win of the afternoon foursomes with one up with her ever-faithful partner, Mrs. Smallwood. To say that everybody envied the prizewinners is only true, for the rewards of virtue were such as to excuse greed.

The next day Miss Pearson headed both scratch and handicap lists at the Kent Summer Meeting which was held at Maidstone. That is a course where the ladies do not usually presume to arrive in the 70's gross. High officials were prepared to (and did) lose several pennies backing their opinion on the point before the event. But Miss Pearson is in record-breaking mood just now, and round she went in 75, incidentally earning her plus one.

So it was a great feather in the cap of Miss Sylvia Bailey the next day to beat this redoubtable Miss Pearson by 3 and 2 when Kent and Surrey played each other at West Kent. Miss Gourlay had a very strenuous struggle before she could get the better, at the 20th hole, of Miss Diana Fishwick. Miss Gourlay has not lost a county match this season, but it certainly trembled in the balance that afternoon, and was only saved by long putts at the 18th and 19th. But those were Surrey's only wins, Kent winning the other five matches, so that the only really cheering thing for Surrey that afternoon was the news which arrived by telephone during tea that Sussex had beaten Middlesex. The rafters rang in most unbecoming fashion with cheers from both Surrey and Kent. Not from any animosity for Middlesex, but merely because they had been undefeated till that moment, and

(Continued on p. xxii)



The Wiltshire Team who were beaten by Monmouthshire when they met recently at Tredegar Park. Left to right: Mrs. Maitland Smith, Mrs. Lonnon, Mrs. Lemon, Mrs. Hart (captain), Miss Pinckney (reserve), Mrs. E. S. Sawtell, Mrs. White, and Mrs. Burridge



The Monmouthshire Team. Left to right: Mrs. Godfrey Evans (Monmouthshire champion), Miss Littlehales (captain), Mrs. Bernard Edwards, Miss Lilian Newman, Mrs. Gus Jones, Mrs. H. M. Watkins, and Mrs. Southwood Jones



*All for Beauty*



# *A Beauty Treatment* by *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

*Nothing could be simpler or more satisfactory than a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER home treatment. It is a carefully balanced scheme of cleansing, nourishing and refining to which your skin responds at once. Devote a few minutes each day to this rational and scientific method of skin care and you will soon see very definite results.*

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Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9; Skin and Tissue Builder and Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Eau de Beauté, Price 4/-, 8/-, are obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER LIMITED BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

## "Brassière" and "Lung" Suits.

THE question that is frequently asked is "How can women's figures have free play in every movement and yet be kept trim and neat when wearing sun suits?" The answer to this problem, for so it may be called, is satisfactorily solved at Lillywhite's, Piccadilly Circus, for they declare no matter whether the fabricating medium be English elastic knit or wool stockinette, that cut is all important, fit naturally following; no ugly ridges are ever permitted in anything that is sponsored by them. There are many variations on the sun suit theme, among the novelties being the brassière suit; it is cut in such a manner that the sun is able to caress the entire back, the scheme is completed with trunks and narrow belts. The "lung" suits allow the rays of the sun to penetrate to these all-important organs and persuade them to function as nature intended that they should. The regulation swimmer is well represented and no one can cavil at the statement that the smartest are white, with belt shoes, and it may be helmet of royal blue or red. White swimmers will be on the crest of the wave as the season advances.

## For Warm and Cool Days.

Rivals for fashion's favour are the wool stockinette and Shantung beach suits; at the moment it looks as though a truce would be called in the near future, the former being worn on cool days and on warm the latter. Particularly smart are the bolero stockinette suits; the coatees are outlined with a darker shade than the trousers; navy blue and forget-me-not are a happy alliance, the swimmer being of the same shade or white. A similar idea is available in linen, while skirts are sometimes substituted for the trousers.

## Slacks and Sweaters.

Decidedly attractive are the white flannel slacks in conjunction with coloured wool sweaters; they have short sleeves with neat adjustable collars, four or five buttons appearing down the front to enable the depth of the neck opening to be regulated. Some of the suits may be said to be tailored, and are more often than not made of Shantung. The coats are waisted with

*A study in black and lemon is this beach suit from Lillywhite's; heavy Shantung makes the sleeveless coat and trousers, the waistcoat jumper being of crêpe de chine*

flowing basques, and the third piece, if a jumper, is of crêpe de chine, and if a swimmer, of wool. Attention must be drawn to the suits with sleeves endowed with a similar flare to that present in the trousers; the jumper is often of patterned crêpe de



*This is a Mexican hat from Lillywhite's, Piccadilly; it is destined to be seen in conjunction with a beach suit. It is of multi-coloured shiny straw and is as light as the proverbial feather*

chine finished with a draped sash. Generally speaking, the coats terminate a few inches above the knees. Marvellous patterns in glorious colour schemes are the characteristic feature of the Turkish towelling wrappers; it is evident that they have no intention of suffering an eclipse.

## Mexican and Snail Shell Hats.

Novelty is a fetish in headgear that is destined to partner beach suits. Many of the hats are expressed in a very shiny straw, like the Mexican model pictured on this page, the cost of which is 8s. 6d. Again there is the affair whose fount of inspiration has been the humble snail shell; it is nearly as large as the Mexican and has a clever bandeau; as a consequence it may be adjusted at any angle the wearer likes, and will afford her complete protection from the sun. Quaint little sun screens have appeared; they are made of the same straw and are about the size of the parasols that bear the name of the Empress Eugénie. There is a wonderful charm about shady fibre straw hats for 7s. 6d., those of the American sailor type being 4s. 6d.

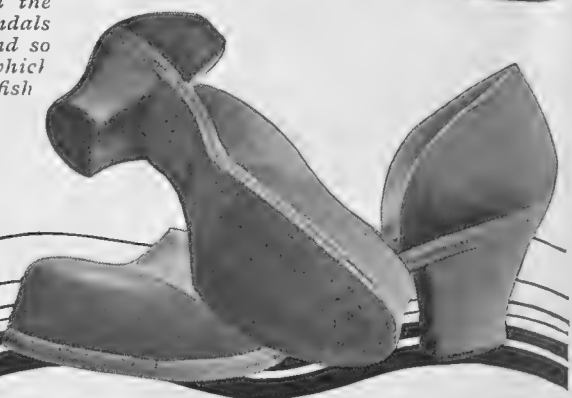
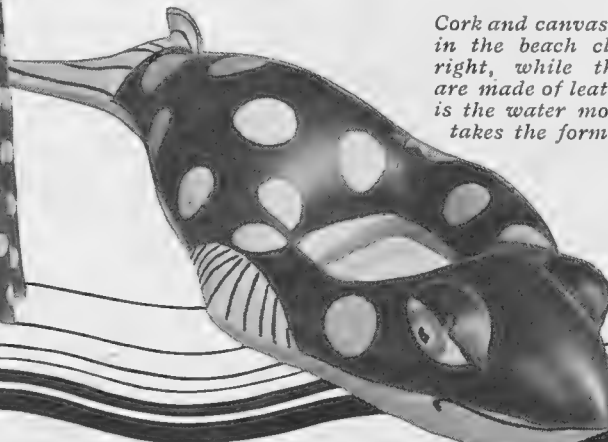
## Cork Clogs and Leather Sandals.

Cork clogs have made their début, the crochet toe-cap being of string; they are available in many colours to harmonize with the beach suits, the soles are of cork and canvas.

*Cork and canvas are present in the beach clogs on the right, while the sandals are made of leather, and so is the water mount, which takes the form of a fish*



Models, Lillywhite



Pictures by Blake





Sent  
on  
approval.

COAT in wool romaine  
with fawn squirrel collar,  
lined crêpe de Chine.  
Black and shades of fawn.  
Stocked in three sizes.

PRICE **10½ gns.**

Black straw HAT with  
open-work embroidery  
on brim. PRICE **4 gns.**

## The Glass of Fashion

reveals, through the medium of our Mantle Department,  
the coats that will be worn at race meetings throughout  
the Summer. You may know they will look right in  
that setting for they bear the stamp of unquestionable  
quality—quality which Marshall & Snelgrove's pride  
themselves on supplying to all their customers at prices  
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romaine, lined crêpe de Chine  
and finished with collar of real  
fox fur. Black, navy and fawn;  
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Black straw HAT, embroidered.

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GEORGETTE COAT in black  
and a few good colours. Stocked  
in three sizes.

PRICE **5 gns.**

TOQUE made of tiny flowers  
in colours to order.

PRICE **69/6**

# SUMMER HATS



The shady hat, or its many modifications, is being warmly applauded in Paris. Bradleys, Chepstow Place, W., have contributed these models to this page. At the top there is the natural bako smartly ornamented with stitching. The chef d'oeuvre at the base of the page below is of natural Bengal with a gracefully waved brim

These veritable triumphs of the milliner's art are sure of meeting with success. The model at the top of the page on the right has been influenced by the riding hat; it is of very fine black straw trimmed with flowers. Straw likewise makes the hat with the becoming eye veil; the crown is gartered with ribbon and finished with flowers. The model at the base on the right is an artistic study in black and white, the crown being white



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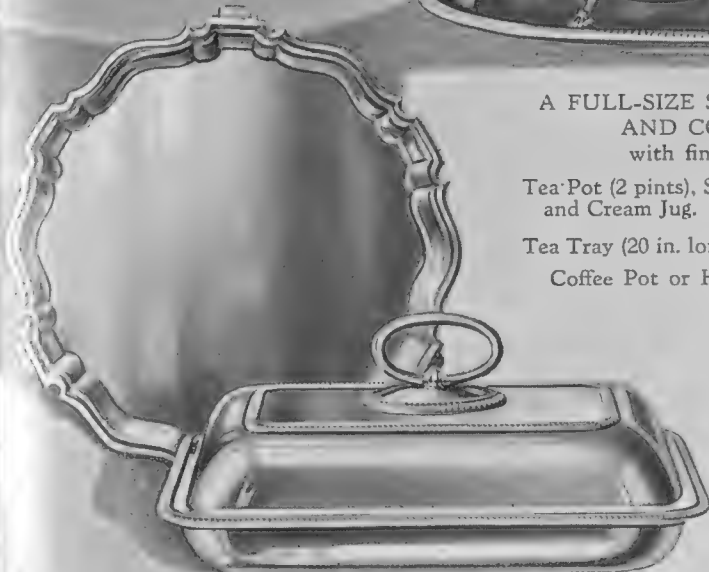


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with hinged Silk Shade.  
Total height, 21½ in.  
£7 17 6



A FULL-SIZE STERLING SILVER TEA  
AND COFFEE SERVICE,  
with fine Gadroon mount.

Tea Pot (2 pints), Sugar Basin and Cream Jug. The Set £10 10 0  
Tea Tray (20 in. long) ... £20 0 0  
Coffee Pot or Hot Water Jug, £7 7 0



Sterling Silver Salvers.  
Chippendale design.  
3 in. diam. £3 0 0  
9 in. .. 4 15 0  
12 in. .. 8 8 0  
15 in. .. 11 0 0

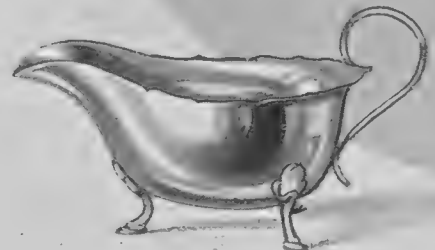
Sterling Silver Entree Dish,  
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Gadroon mounts. 11 in. long  
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Sterling Silver Fruit Stand.  
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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

crêpe. Another novelty is the enamelled leather sandals tied with ribbons. Among the many advantages of the same is the flexibility of the soles. Furthermore there is a splendid assortment of rubber shoes from 3s. 6d., and wooden sandals from 6s. 6d. Here are to be seen a variety of watermounts made of specially heavy rubber strengthened for sea use. Very popular is the kite-fish pictured; the walrus is an old favourite. Again there are surf boats, floats, and rubber boats with double air chambers. No one must consider their sports outfit complete until they have visited Lillywhite's, but should this be impossible the brochures must be studied with care; they will be sent gratis and post free; naturally the name of this paper must be mentioned.

\* \* \*

**Plaid Coats with Fur Collars.**

Everyone was delighted with the Scotch tweed plaid coats with fur collars which were a feature at Burberry's dress parades. The plaids or, as I prefer to call them, the lattice-work designs of the tweeds were different from the patterns that were called plaids a few seasons ago. The fur collars could be varied to suit the wishes of the prospective wearer. It is sometimes overlooked that Burberry's excel in building riding outfits; in a much-to-be-desired model the breeches were of cavalry twill, the coat of riding tweed, the scheme being completed with a canary-yellow waistcoat and wild-boar gloves. Many of the coats for the races were carried out in retniw; one in bright emerald green was partnered with black accessories including kid gloves, the hat being of the Spanish character. Naturally there were many variations on the true tailored suit; for instance, a blue skirt was seen in conjunction with a blue and white check coat. In this connection it must be mentioned that there is a decided feeling for materials with diagonal weaves. A feature was likewise made of pure cashmere jumpers.

\* \* \*

**Necklaces of Natural Flowers.**

It was a happy thought on the part of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., to arrange with a notable florist to provide necklaces of real flowers to accompany the ensembles that may be seen in the tailor-made department on the ground floor. A necklace of pale green hydrangeas was seen in conjunction with a dress of the same shade companioned by a black coat. The ensemble was from Patou, and the dress was of opaline green silk georgette with a black belt. By the way, the necklaces cost less than half-a-sovereign and will keep fresh throughout the afternoon and evening. Another model was of almost forget-me-not blue andamousse; the coat had a belt (not more than half-an-inch wide) of black and white patent. The dress was arranged with a yoke half

white and half blue, the line of demarcation being emphasized with buttons. The hip yoke terminated in points back and front; they collided as it were with narrow panels. The necklace in this instance was of real forget-me-nots.



A SMART ZARAMAC

*Carried out in geranium-red twill silk relieved with small bunches of shaded flowers. It is available in many colour schemes*

Facts of Paramount Interest.

Now emphasis must be laid on two facts in Marshall and Snelgrove's tailor-made department. One is that a feature is made of 6½-guinea cardigan suits carried out in Panama georgette, the

skirts are pleated and are reinforced with pockets; turret trimming appears on the same as well as on the coats; these suits are available in the following sizes—S.W., W., T.W., and O.S.; the same idea expressed in tweed is £5 18s. 6d. The other fact is that for women of generous proportions there are coats and skirts of printed crêpe de chine for 10½ guineas.

\* \* \*

**The Three-in-one Ring.**

Something different in the way of rings is sponsored by Asprey's, Bond Street, W.; it is known by the name of Three-in-one, and costs £3 7s. 6d. It consists of three circles in different shades of gold; they cannot be parted, and in that way they are different to the old puzzle rings; they are as suitable for men as for women. As every day men and women are becoming more air-minded, reference must be made to this firm's compactus cases for men; they are £3 15s., and for women, £4 15s.

\* \* \*

**The Lure of the Zaramac.**

No woman likes to be seen at Ascot and other fashionable functions, even if a downpour is anticipated, unless she be wearing an ephemeral creation. Nowadays she is able to don her loveliest ensemble knowing full well that her Zaramac will protect it from the onslaughts of the weather, no matter how severe they may be. Then in themselves they are remarkably decorative. They are sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to the makers, Zambrene, Cannon Street, who will gladly send the address of their nearest agent. The model illustrated on this page is carried out in geranium-red proofed twill silk, showing a floral design; it is available in a variety of colour schemes. Some of the models are made of rubber-proofed crêpe de chine, and are trimmed with a Paisley design. The cape is an important feature of some, and the collar of others.

\* \* \*

**A Panorama of Fashion.**

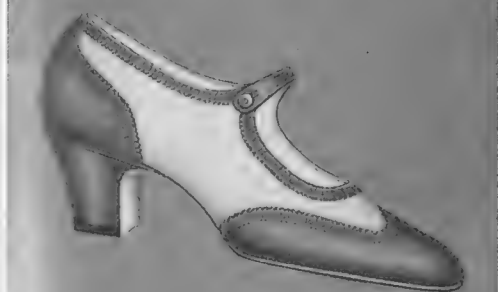
Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., are warmly to be congratulated on their parade of fashion; it was especially arranged for small women, and the prices were exceptionally moderate. The bridal procession was warmly applauded. Not only were there a bride and several bridesmaids, but also numbers of wedding guests in lace and georgette ensembles, each one different and carried out in every shade ranging from honey to deep caramel. The bride (whose dress can be obtained for 6½ guineas) wore a long, graceful frock of white georgette and lace, with train to match springing from the waist. The bridesmaids had lace coatees completing frocks of frilled net in charming colourings. Small caps and muffs of violets in a contrasting shade completed their toilettes. The dresses, with the tiny lace coats, are only 6½ guineas each.



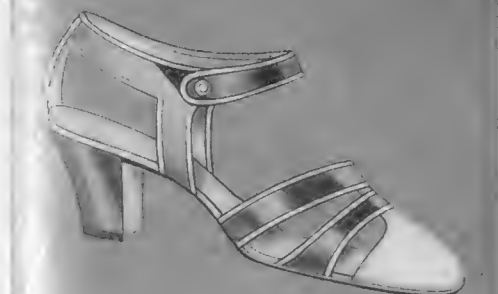
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In Matt Kid and  
White Buck with  
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Continental Model.  
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Distinctive Sandal  
in Oriental Canvas  
in various colours  
and leathers.  
Made in Florence.  
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Paris made Sandal  
in Apple Green,  
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& Walking Shoes. Post Free on Request.

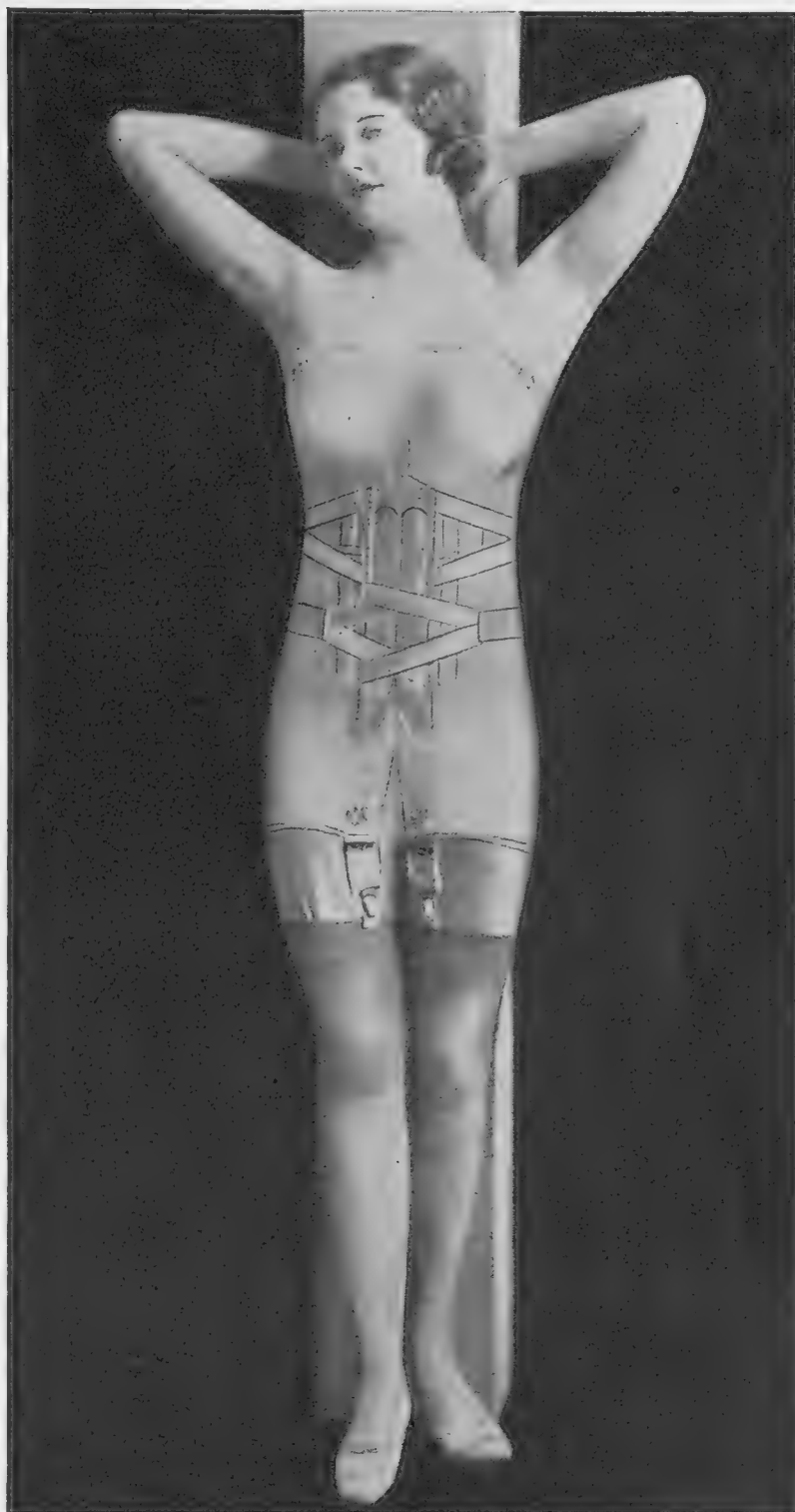
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The Corslo Novelties are obtainable only from Debenham & Freebody.

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Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips **4  $\frac{1}{2}$  Gns.**  
In Silk Tricot, 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  Gns.

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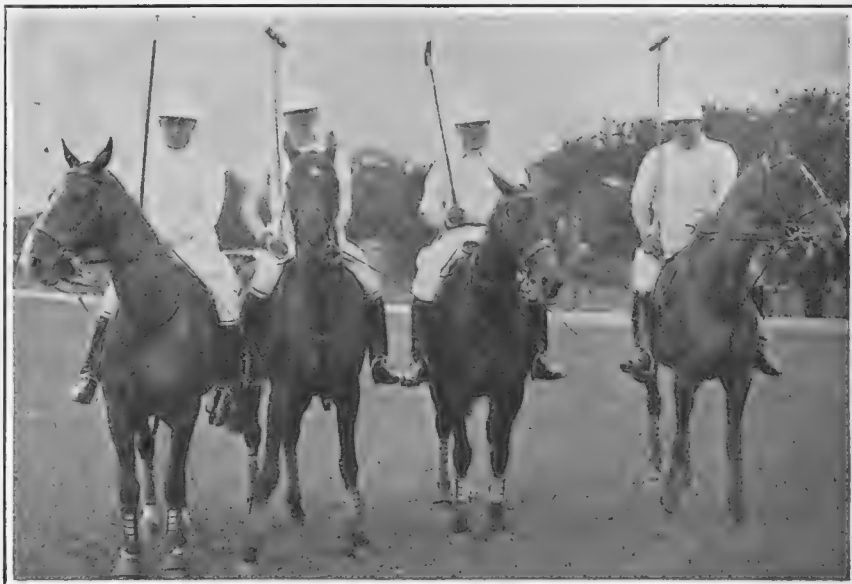
Debenhams Ltd.

Wigmore Street, London, W.1

**Polo Notes**—Continued from p. 400

giving them a 5½ goals' start. The Navy beat the Cavalry team 10½ to 4, which is to say that level they would have won by a goal. The Blues "A" team has the ex-17th back, Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Boles, as its skipper and guide, and to beat them is not an unimportant performance viewed entirely from the Inter-Regimental angle. In the Inter-Regimental last season the Navy beat the Blues 7 to 5, the latter not having then quite the same team as they have now. The Navy team is exactly the same man for man as last year's: Lieut. E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale (1), Captain R. A. R. Neville (2), Lieut.-Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten (3), Lieut.-Commander C. E. Lambe (back). I hear they have been putting in a good deal of practice at Gosport, but where they find teams to play against them I do not know, and they are pretty well mounted and quite definitely well-drilled. Polo in the Navy has come on hand-over-fist in recent years, and in the first issue of the journal of the Royal Naval Polo Association, which some one very kindly sent me last year, it was disclosed that then 234 officers had joined and there are probably more now. Considering the obvious difficulties I think they have done wonders. H.M. the King is the Patron, Admiral Lord Beatty is the President, and Admiral Sir Roger Keyes the Vice-President. His Majesty, as some people perhaps do not know, was a polo-playing sailor when he was serving as a lieutenant with the Mediterranean Fleet, and he owned two ponies which he kept in Malta.

Last week, owing to the customary "monsoon," there was practically no polo, and at



THE MICRO-ORGANISMS POLO TEAM AT TADCASTER

Mr. Riley-Smith's team at the opening of the Spring Tournament at Tadcaster. The names, left to right, are: Major F. Colley, Mr. R. W. Hill-Forster, Colonel W. Lucey, and Mr. W. Riley-Smith

the moment it looks as dem'd damp moist and unpleasant as it knows how, and Whit Monday may be spelt with an "e" instead of an "hi"! The projected teams for the Whit-Monday matches were:

*England v. Ireland.*—England: Captain R. B. B. Cooke, Mr. H. C. Walford, Colonel P. K. Wise, and Captain H. N. Scott-Robson. Ireland: Mr. J. A. E. Traill, Captain C. T. I. Roark, Captain K. Alexander, and Mr. H. P. Guinness. *Army v. Hurlingham.*—Army: Captain A. H. Barclay, Captain J. F. Sanderson, Captain G. H. Fanshawe, and Captain E. D. Fanshawe. Hurlingham: Mr. S. Sanford, Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington, Mr. E. H. Tyrrell Martin, and Captain D. J. E. Norton.

Although it seems like tempting Fate to talk about future fixtures, for there can be no doubt that some evil spirit or Djinn pursues this polo game in England, and does his best to bring all the schemes of mortal man to naught, there are some fixtures in the near future in which those who follow the game are likely to be interested. The Inter-Regimental has already been dealt with. Few people will see all the matches because they are played all over the place, but most people will be able to see both the semi-finals and the final, as all three are played at Hurlingham, the dates being Monday, June 29; Wednesday, July 1; and Saturday, July 4. The other big fixture of the near future is the Championship. This commences at Hurlingham on June 22, a Monday; one semi-final is on Wednesday, 24th; the other on Thursday, 25th; and the final is on Saturday, 27th. You never know, of course, where this game is concerned, but at the moment it looks very much as though the Hurricanes would dominate the situation as they have done in recent years, excepting in 1929, when El Gordo beat them.

# POPE & BRADLEY

## WHY WE ADVERTISE

IT is true that a certain section of potential clients refuse to patronise a firm that advertises. They argue that a business cannot advertise and yet remain exclusive.

THAT is an old-fashioned and narrow-minded viewpoint. Literary and artistic advertising has helped, with the organisation of clever cutters and expert "log" craftsmen, to build our firm into the greatest business of its kind in Britain, and, in addition, to achieve for it an international reputation.

IT is doubtful whether any other House has so many interesting customers. The list is more diverse

than "Who's Who," for it includes Royal personages, peers, ambassadors, diplomats, cabinet ministers, brigadier-generals, famous writers, painters, film stars, actors, and distinguished men of every vocation.

THERE is no suggestion of snobbishness in this bald statement of fact. We advertise not only in order to increase our home trade, but to develop our foreign and export trade. Twenty-five per cent. of our business is done with foreigners, and it is by the means of advertisement that the American, the Argentine, the Colonial, and the European are attracted to visit London, and we are enabled to demonstrate the superiority of our productions.

WE have now a valuable international clientèle, which we aim to double or treble. English clothes are acknowledged to be the best in the world, and the fostering of British industry is essential to prosperity.

LOUNGE Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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also at  
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*For Discriminating Smokers*

**555**  
VIRGINIA

**STATE EXPRESS**  
CIGARETTES

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TURKISH

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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 396

He then goes on to describe the processes of the "game" which are familiar to most people, the arrival of *toro* in a state of homicidal mania, his adventures with the gentlemen who annoy him still more by their red cloaks; their extremely clever foot-work in avoiding his thoroughly well-meant efforts to impale them, and then he comes to the part of the "Show" which I think is purely bestial. He writes:

Things were now warming up and this "goad" business continued for a few minutes longer until suddenly the drums roll and the trumpets get busy and two horses with riders are brought into the ring. This is the real nasty part of the show. The horses are blindfolded and practically shoved into the ring by the hired Assassins until they face the bull. Each rider is armed with a long spear and it is his part of the show to make the first puncture in the bull's withers. It is true that the horses are protected by a kind of matting which covers one flank and continues under the belly, but this "protection" (?) is most ineffective, and nearly every time the bull manages to get clean underneath the "armour." The horses are shoved by the "Moppers up" with the protected flank facing the bull until they are about 20 ft. away. After pawing the ground for a few minutes the bull crashes right into the horse and at the same time the picador attempts to shove the spear home. There is a most terrific "schlemozzle."

The mix-up is appalling, as horse, bull, and picador are all tied up together. The bull is all out doing its damndest by goring the wretched horse for all it is worth, and as a matter of fact the horse is simply being murdered. All the time the picador is trying to shove home his spear. This terrible mix-up goes on for a few minutes until

an effective puncture has been made, when the trumpets and drums again sound, and what is left of horses and men are quickly removed from the ring, and we take a breather. In the case of the third bull his charge was so violent that the picador came down underneath the horse with the bull topping the pile. The excitement rose to fever heat when the dust and smoke cleared away, and it was seen that both horse and rider had been killed.

There was no time to be wasted, the corpse was hurriedly removed, the horse covered with a cloth and "business as usual" went on. The bull was by now thoroughly "peevish," so much so in fact that finding nothing better to attack he rushed at the dead horse and tossed it all over the ring until attracted by the red cloaks of the toreadors. Oh, it is an ill-tempered devil is this bull. The spirit in which to attend a bull fight is to imagine what this animal would do to you if you were peacefully fishing in a stream in a field and did not see him coming.

And yet they try to make out that all this is directly due to a Monarchist rule, when it has been going on in Spain for hundreds and hundreds of years. I suggest that the Republican Government tries to find out exactly how popular it is likely to become by stopping it.

Here is a yarn from Jamaica which some one has sent me:

Scene: R.A. Headquarters, Port Royal, Jamaica. Practice at towed targets about to be carried out. Adjutant from office window sees master of tug, a buck nigger, jaunty and loose-jointed, swaggering across parade ground—remembers he has some final orders—rushes out on veranda and hails said "buck." "Hi!" No answer. "Hi-i-i!" No answer. "Hi-i-i-i! damn you!" Slowly turning round the "buck" replied: "My name it am not 'Hi'; I am master of Har Hey L-a-a-rnch!"



MRS. HUBERT HARTIGAN ON SANDERS

W. A. Rouch

This horse once beat Shaun Golin, last year's Grand National winner, and he has won a good many times in Ireland, but is at the same time as fine a hunter as ever looked through a bridle. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hartigan are very well known with the Meath

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THREE STAR  
"SPECIAL RESERVE"

**Crawford's**  
**LIQUEUR**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
FIVE STAR  
OLD LIQUEUR  
for very special occasions

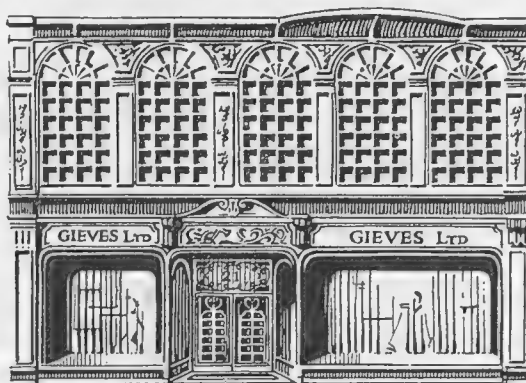
A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.  
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.





*By Appointment.*

**21,  
OLD BOND STREET  
LONDON, W.1.  
PORTSMOUTH  
SOUTHAMPTON  
EDINBURGH  
LIVERPOOL  
GIBRALTAR**



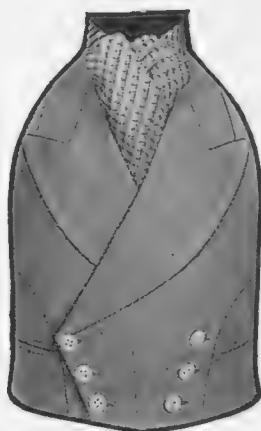
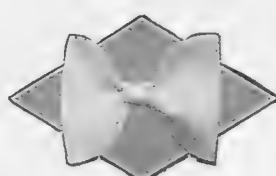
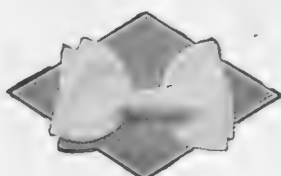
**Gieves**  
LIMITED



*By Appointment.*

**31,  
BURLINGTON  
ARCADE, W.1.  
PLYMOUTH  
WEYMOUTH  
SOUTHSEA  
CHATHAM  
MALTA**

**1785 — MEN'S OUTFITTERS, TAILORS · HATTERS · HOSIERS — 1931**



## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



*Hav Wrightson*  
MISS GRACE SHAW

Who is to marry Mr. Joseph James Salter of 4, The Lees, Malvern, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Salter, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Shaw of Little Bowstridge, Chalfont St. Giles

Paul's, Knightsbridge; Mr. Basil Mostyn and Miss Anita Feilding have fixed the 10th for their marriage at the Brompton Oratory; on the 6th, Mr. Oliver E. Nicolls marries Miss Beatrice I. Cairnes at St. Bartholomew-the-Great; Mr. Leslie Friend-Smith and Miss Maisie Money are to be married on the 4th at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

## In July.

Early in July, Mr. William L. Bouch, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bouch of Eaglescliffe, co. Durham, and Miss Kathleen D. Graves-Morris, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Graves-Morris of Luton and Letchworth, are being married.

## At Gibraltar.

On June 2, Lieutenant E. C. Bayldon, R.N., the son of Commander and Mrs. R. C. Bayldon of Gillotts House, Henley-on-Thames, is marrying Miss Lorna Tomlinson, the eldest daughter of Lieut. - Colonel and Mrs. Tomlinson, and the wedding will be at the Cathedral, Gibraltar.

## Next Month.

Another wedding on June 2 is that between Mr. F. G. Tanner and Miss Joan Noel Glass, which will take place at St.



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. C. O. HARVEY

Who were married on May 12. Lieut.-Colonel Charles O. Harvey, Central India Horse, is Military Secretary to the Viceroy, and his wife was formerly Miss Lily Millicent Pritchard and is the younger daughter of Major-General H. L. Pritchard and Mrs. Pritchard of Commandant's House, Chatham

## Recently Engaged.

Squadron Leader Henry George Crowe, M.C., *p.s.a.*, Royal Air Force, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crowe of Shrewsbury Road, Dublin, and Miss Alicia Nora Jarratt, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Jarratt of Ravenscourt, Harrogate; Mr. Bartle Brennen Bull, the eldest son of Mr. William Perkins Bull, K.C., and Mrs. Perkins Bull of 2, Eaton Place, S.W., and Lorne Hill, Toronto, Canada; and Miss Rosemary Baur, the daughter of the late Mr. Jacob Baur and Mrs. Jacob Baur, of 1511, Astor Street, Chicago; Mr. Alan Lewis, the only son of the late Mr. J. Penry Lewis, C.M.G., Ceylon Civil Service, and Mrs. Penry Lewis of Shantalla, Canford Cliffs, and Miss Barbara York, the daughter of the late Mr. J. A. York and Mrs. York of L'Abri, Sandbanks; Mr. Henry Sylvester Hornby, the only son of the late Mr. L. H. Hornby and Mrs. Hornby of Newport, Monmouthshire, and Miss Helen Slagg, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Crichton Slagg of The Lodge, Halliford-on-Thames, Shepperton; Mr. Edward Hoyle, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Hoyle of Fairfield House, Halifax, and Miss Frances Joan Lee, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lee of Well Head, Halifax.



*Bassano*  
MISS MARY WATERHOUSE

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney H. Waterhouse of Sutton-on-Hull, East Yorkshire, who is engaged to Mr. Edward Percy Mayfield, the elder son of Mr. Percy Mayfield of Hull

## Everyone likes the 'nutty' flavour

When the grocer sent some other kind of Water Biscuits, the whole family rose to protest. "But these aren't Jacobs!" They missed at once the delicate crispness, and the real nutty flavour that make Jacob's Water Biscuits the only right accompaniment to cheese among discerning people. Don't let your grocer make the same mistake. He's sure to have Jacob's—loose, in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. packets, or  $\frac{1}{3}$ ,  $\frac{2}{5}$  and  $\frac{2}{5}$  tins.

ORDINARY OR HIGH BAKED



# JACOB'S

## WATER BISCUITS







## MATCHED SETS

These lovely sets comprising necklace, double bracelet and single bracelet, are in emerald, onyx, ruby red, jade or turquoise beads with diamanté and baquette clasps. Necklace, £4. 12. 6. Double bracelet, 72/6. Single bracelet, 57/6. Write for free photographs of other beautiful things

The Gift Department

# FORTNUM & MASON

182 PICCADILLY W 1

Telephone: Regent 8040

JAY'S, LTD.  REGENT ST.  
BY APPOINTMENT



This youthful and distinctive Evening Coat, which exploits the new Wing-sleeve, is achieved with an Oyster Ring-velvet, lined with satin beauté, and trimmed with a Collar of Sable Taguan that blends admirably with the fabric. The cut of the back is very original.

Price from 37½ gns.

Also trimmed with Silver-Fox Collar for 53 gns.

### INEXPENSIVE SILK HOSIERY

English-made, medium weight, lisle sole and welt and neat pointed heel. In muscade, dago, caramel, pewter and gunmetal... 4/11

*Jay's Ltd.*  
REGENT STREET  
London. W.1

## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Owing to Whitsuntide and going to press early, I am still unable to give any comments on our Open Show, but hope to next week.

The newly-founded "W.E.L.K.S." gave a most successful show at Cheltenham. There was a very good entry, and a hard-working committee made everything go easily; among them are Mrs. Calley, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Pacey, Mrs. Halliwell Carew, and Miss Verrall.

The deepest sympathy is felt for Baroness Burton in the death of Colonel Baillie. During a very few months the Baroness has lost her only daughter, her mother, and now her husband. There is no more popular person than she is, and the sympathy of everyone will go out to her in her sorrows. Colonel Baillie was very interested in Gundogs, and owned and trained some good ones. To the last his constant companions were two springers.



PEKINESE

The property of Mrs. Everitt



NORANBY GOLDEN RETRIEVERS

The property of Mrs. Charlesworth

No longer can the finger of scorn be pointed at the Pekinese as a "toy dog." He now ranks with all the other intelligent sporting dogs—two Pekinese have been entered in our obedience class!—to compete with sheep-dogs, labradors, etc. As a matter of fact "toys" are just as intelligent as any other breeds, in some cases more so. Pekinese are dogs of the strongest character and determination, and of courage out of all proportion to their size. Mrs. Everitt has two she wants to sell—the young lady whose photograph appears in this page, and a young gentleman. She says they "are full of life and health, and very intelligent and affectionate," of course well-bred; the gentleman one year old, the lady two. Prices to really good homes would be very moderate.

Criticism is good for a breed; it is always good; it brightens things up. Anything is better than complacent stagnation. There is a certain amount of criticism in the ranks of the golden retriever at present, but it is a healthy sign. The said golden retriever has come on enormously lately, both on the bench and in the field, and is now a most handsome dog with good working qualities. Very much of this improvement is due to Mrs. Charlesworth, who is determined always to keep working qualities first. Her successes both on the bench and in the field are well known. The picture is of a group of Noranbys being instructed.

Miss Little, whose poms are well known, has a nice miniature black dog for sale, aged eighteen months, house-trained. Miss Little's poms are all accustomed to an outdoor life.

I have an application from a thoroughly experienced kennel maid who was with the late Mrs. Colman, and is only leaving because the kennels are being gradually reduced.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DEKKI OF GUNTHORPE

The property of Mrs. Dixon



## WHERE THE PAST IS EVER PRESENT

A HOLIDAY in Norway will leave memories that will never fade, and as you depart Norway's lovable folk will bid you "Adieu"—not "Farewell"—knowing that the first visit to Norway is seldom the last. Norway's amazing scenery, its sunny, bracing climate, and its historical associations are without equal and make it the ideal place for the holiday that is a complete change from any you have ever spent before. Norway can be reached in a day. English is understood thus making individual travel easy, and a tour in this glorious country is well within the limits of the most modest income. Decide on Norway, now!

# NORWAY

### INCLUSIVE HOLIDAY TOURS

Examples: 13 days £16. 21 days £41.  
First-class throughout.

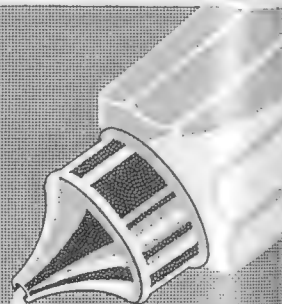
Illustrated booklets free on request to Secretary, B. & N. Line, Royal Mail Ltd., 25 Whitehall, London; Norwegian State Railways, 20b Cockspur St., London; or to all leading Tourist Agents.



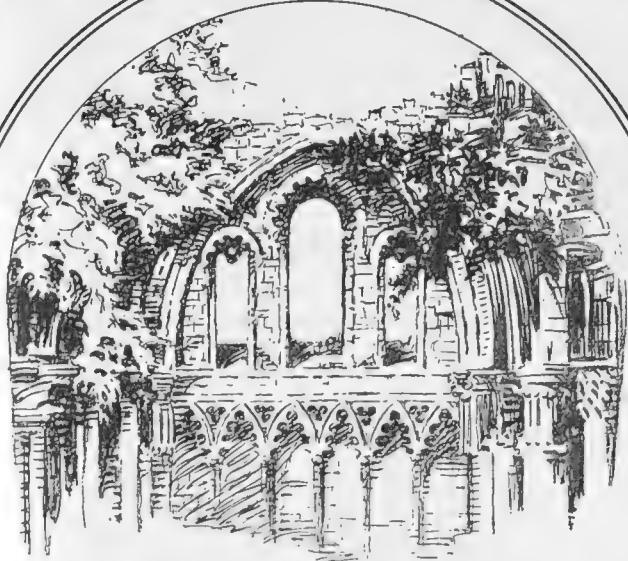
## APPRECIATED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

# Cerebos

## SALT





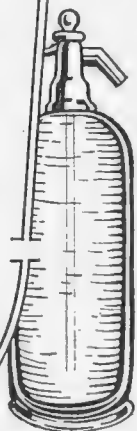
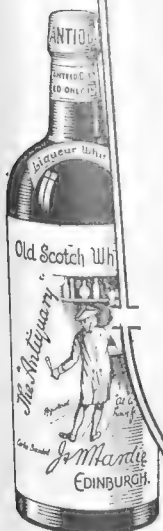
GLASTONBURY 2<sup>ND</sup> CENTURY

The  
 "Antiquary"  
 The first known liqueur  
 Whisky

AN exclusive and rare old  
 liqueur whisky is "Anti-  
 quary" — to be approached  
 almost with veneration—to be  
 sipped slowly with due appre-  
 ciation of each amber drop,  
 to be recommended, as a  
 favour, to friends, and to be  
 kept handy at home for  
 your everyday enjoyment.

Should you have difficulty in obtaining  
 supplies, write for name and address  
 of the nearest agent.

Your home whisky  
 10 O'clock  
 & all's well.



J. & W. HARDIE, EDINBURGH.



MISS JOYCE BARBOUR,

who is playing a leading part in "Evergreen"  
 at the Adelphi Theatre, writes:—

"FOR the last few years I have been almost con-  
 tinuously playing in Revue, in which one is called  
 upon to act, sing and dance, alike with equal  
 facility. In conjunction with rehearsals this would, of  
 course, be an unending and unendurable strain; but  
 fortunately I have been able to rely upon Phosferine for  
 all the extra energy I need, and as I am always able to  
 enjoy my work, the fact speaks for itself. Certainly  
 since I have had recourse to Phosferine, I feel that I  
 work or play at my best, and nowadays am never  
 troubled with nerviness, neuralgia, or in fact any kind of  
 nerve disorders or overstrain, for which happy condition  
 I am convinced Phosferine is responsible, as I always  
 feel fresh and vigorous enough to fulfil whatever is  
 expected of me."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you  
 will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance.  
 It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will  
 look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the  
 children with equally good results.

# PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—  
 the Spring Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses!  
 Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

Aldwych

# A PLEASANT ROUTE TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY

## The Charm of Originality.

Women who desire to meet with success must be original. However, there are few who will have the courage to have the entire oval of their eyes extending to the brows tinted a delicate pink with a similar oval appearing on the cheeks, nevertheless the result was arresting and to many attractive. The entire face was treated to harmonize. Eleanor Adair, 30, Old Bond Street, W., does not agree with treatments of such an extreme character. She is, however, responsible for a wondrously fascinating make-up for the evening, which gives to the skin a marvellous transparency. When completed, a pale green nuance is noticeable; it is really just off white, and to a certain extent resembles that elusive tint of the inside of a cucumber.

## Lettuce-green Cream.

It is advisable to have the face treated in Eleanor Adair's salons, although she would send full instructions, together with her interesting brochure, "Health and Beauty." In the first instance there is the Lettuce Cream (6s. 6d.); this has to be lightly massaged into the skin. It prepares it to welcome the Lily Lotion, which is of a slightly lighter shade. Finally, the skin must be softly dusted with powder to tone; this must not be done in any haphazard way, but care must be exercised to see that the valleys as well as the hills of the face receive their share; special attention being given to the sides of the nose and the centre of the chin. Naturally the eyebrows and eyelashes must be avoided.

## Camouflage Banned.

Although Eleanor Adair likes women to be original she emphatically declares that facial blemishes must never be camouflaged. No artist ever attempts to paint his masterpiece on an imperfect canvas, therefore surely it is useless to adorn the



*Prompted by that wise bird, the owl, Eleanor Adair, 30, Old Bond Street, W., has perfected an elusive green make-up for the evening. It gives to the skin the much-to-be-desired delicate transparency*

skin unless it be healthy. Let it be remembered that Nature always demands co-operation, and welcomes as her handmaidens the Ganesh treatments and preparations. A few words must be said about the Eastern Muscle Developing Oil; it is very strong, hence it reaches the muscles and tissues, and in addition it removes lines, fills out hollows, and renders the skin firm and healthy. Help must be given to the skin to enable it to throw off the impurities that it gathers during the day; for this there is nothing better than the Cleansing Cream. It should always be used after a journey in an open plane or car. And then there is the Skin Food for nourishing the skin; as a matter of fact, it is a tissue builder.

## For Use Instead of Water.

Eleanor Adair does not like women to use water for their faces, and advocates the substitution of her Diable Skin Tonic. It strengthens the skin, enabling it to withstand the ill effects of over-heated rooms and cold winds; it is of the greatest assistance in persuading the pores to close, and puffiness to disappear from beneath the eyes.

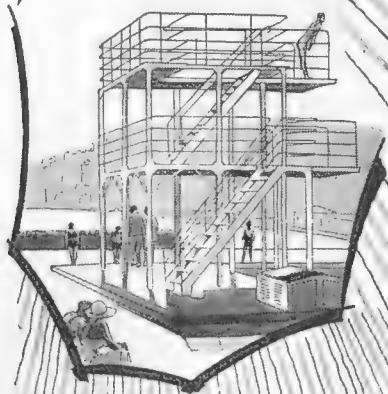
## Treatment for Superfluous Hairs.

There is no doubt about it that electrolysis carefully done kills the roots of the hair; in Eleanor Adair's salons the strictest hygienic precautions are taken, fresh and best needles are used for each client, the skin is washed with antiseptic, thus safeguarding against any impurity being injected. However, this eminent beauty specialist appreciates the fact that many women do not care to have electrolysis, so she has perfected a Dara treatment for home use. It is guaranteed not to be a depilatory, as it removes the hair by the roots; it is half-a-guinea a box.



# Monte Carlo

where sunshine is assured!



**SUMMER TIME** in the Principality of Monaco is ideal. All outdoor sports can be enjoyed, King Sol ever being in his most brilliant and smiling mood.

The **MONTÉ CARLO BEACH** is the magnet which draws all Society. The great feature of the Coming Summer Season in Monte Carlo will be the **NEW CASINO**, where Roulette and all other games of chance will be played, and where the finest and most wonderful attractions will be presented.



# Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.



# HARVEY NICHOLS



(Left)

A very new Corset Belt in the finest weave of elastic; glove-fitting, cool, and light, yet firmly supporting. It is cut low at the back, and has back and front boning. Waist sizes 26-31 ins.

In pure silk elastic,

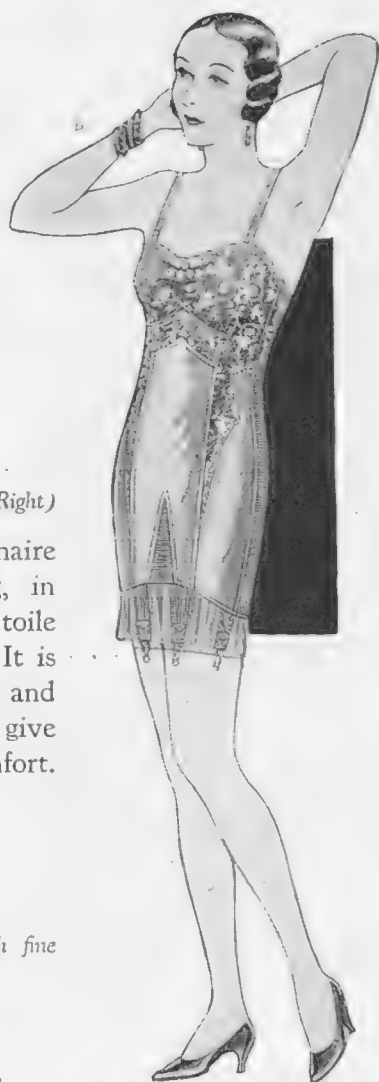
**4 Gns.**

In fine cotton elastic for day wear,

**59/6**

Brassière, in washing satin and needlerun lace,

**14/9**



(Right)

A new model Combinaire for day or evening, in pale peach batiste toile and needlerun lace. It is firmly boned at back and front; elastic panels give perfect ease and comfort. Sizes 34-40 ins.

**49/6**

In a beautiful quality, with fine hand-woven elastic,

**4½ Gns.**

From the Corset Salon.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

# BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE . W.2

PARK 1200



## **FINEST FURS SUMMER PRICES**

*There is a marked tendency for first quality skins to rise in price. We suggest, therefore, that advantage be taken as soon as possible of our present Special Summer Prices.*

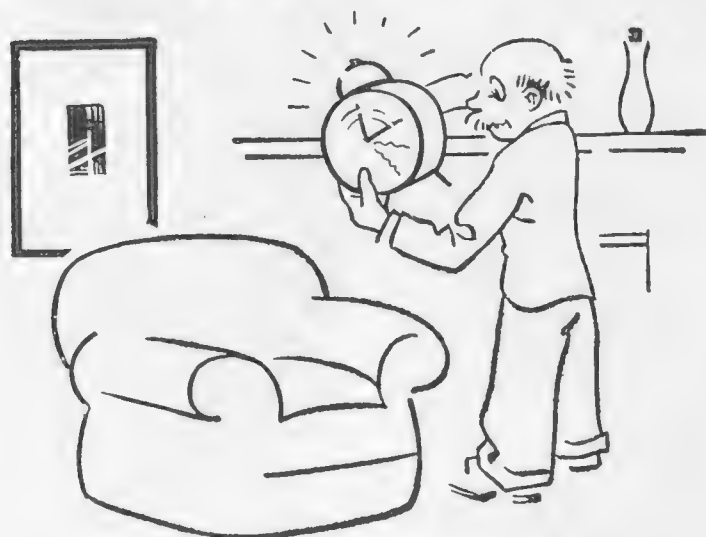
*It is important to know "where" and "how" your Furs are made. "Bradley" fur garments are made by expert furriers in our own workrooms at Chepstow Place. Comparison is welcomed in every respect.*

**Bradleys**  
Chepstow Place<sup>1</sup>  
London, W.2.  
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

## Warwick Wright Says

**"93 MILES PER HOUR  
ON THE REAL SPEEDO-  
METER—NOT SUMMER  
TIME SETTING"**



One of our London owners in a letter from which we have permission to quote, says:—"I have just brought back my '90' Talbot from a trip to France. On occasions the speedometer registered 93 m.p.h. and frequently reached 90 m.p.h. for long stretches. During the whole time I never had any trouble of any sort."

Just another page to the volume of evidence that the Talbot is a fast motor-car, with trouble-free and unequalled "non-stop" abilities.

We have a variety of coachwork available for your inspection on chassis of the famous

**TALBOT** "14" "75"  
& "90"  
*Warwick Wright Ltd*

**150 NEW BOND STREET W1**

Mayfair  
2904

Woodwright

## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 406

known that the profits arising from car insurance are so small that the companies concerned have to exist in obscure and dilapidated hovels. As a fact, I fancy that they have not done badly, for the truth is that the extra liberty allowed to the motorist in the matter of speed (although it has been to some extent counteracted by petti-fogging and vexatious regulations) has not resulted in any increase (proportional, that is, to numbers) in mishaps. On the contrary, I would lay a slight shade of odds that these have actually lessened. Well, now, I suppose it is ridiculous to expect that these companies, which at one time did have to bear the burden and the heat of the day, will now make great concessions. But there is one thing that they might well do, and that is overhaul their schedules. Largely these are based upon the antediluvian R.A.C. horse-power-formula. Though the Treasury loves it still, the more enlightened car-maker has proved that even the long-suffering British public is not to be indefinitely bamboozled. The bigger engine car is steadily and rightly coming into vogue—because it is a better type of car. And I suggest that it is about time that the insurance companies got enlightened too. We will suppose that I am keen upon a certain make of car which offers me two engine powers. If I choose the larger I shall certainly have to pay more insurance. And that is really quite absurd, for it will, normally, be the safer car of the two. It will have a higher degree of acceleration, and therefore its likelihood of figuring in a mishap is actually less than that of the lower-powered model. The weight of the two cars is the same to within an ounce or two, and thus their capacity for material damage is the same. As for personal injury, I don't believe there is anything to choose between being stabbed by an Austin Seven or trodden upon by a Foden lorry. I put forward the idea that the insurance companies should drop the h.p. rating method (which they must know to be farcical) in favour of a weight-rating which, in itself, would encourage advancement in car design. I may be quite wrong, but if I were the proprietor of an insurance office I would cultivate assiduously that type of car which was most controllable, for "first principles" tell me that this must be the safest.



HAVE YOU BAGGED YOUR TIGER YET?

If not, the Government Forest Department of Burma are willing to give a helping hand to any sportsman who would like to get his tiger this year. Write to the Game Warden of Burma, Maymyo, Burma. He will give all information required. The Chief Conservator of Forests will extend every help to those who may plan a shooting trip in Burma, which, as everyone who knows the country is aware, is a paradise for game. So get away from beaten paths and take your holiday in Burma this year. If you want to know more about it ask the Indian Railways Bureau at India House, Aldwych, or 57, Haymarket



IN LONDON TOWN: MRS. C. I. SMITH-RYLAND

A shopping snapshot which, let us hope, indicates a revival. Mrs. Smith-Ryland is the widow of the late Mr. "Benny" Smith-Ryland, who was Joint Master of the Warwickshire with Lord Willoughby de Broke





*"Who's going to clean up the yard?"*

*—asked Hannah*

Old Hannah used to hate the messiness of oils in the preparation of which refiners used quick, fierce fires to separate the lubricant from the crude oil. This process tends to weaken and crack the oil, increasing the carbon, sludge and mess.

Now, Shell's latest process consists of gentle PRE-HEATING under reduced pressure, avoiding these serious defects and giving Double and Triple Shell Oil that extra margin of safety which represents a considerable advance in car lubrication.

**BE UP-TO-DATE**

# SHELL LUBRICATE

Amongst the many leading car manufacturers who approve Shell lubricating oils are:  
AUSTIN — BENTLEY — FORD — HILLMAN — HUMBER — MORRIS — SUNBEAM

Stuart

## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Mr. P. J. Pybus, C.B.E., M.P. for Harwich, and a bevy of bathing girls took part at Clacton recently in the send-off to the publicity van which is going to Holland to boost the attractions of the Essex resorts. The idea of the trip came from Mr. Pybus, who had seen the efforts being made by Continental resorts to lure British holiday-makers, and he decided, as he put it, to "carry the war into the enemy's camp." He owns a Morris van equipped with loud speakers which he had used in electioneering, and he had it painted with the slogan, "The Golden Sands of Britain," in English and Dutch. A Dutch announcer accompanies the van on its tour, and will proclaim the charms of the Essex coast in the market



H. E. SIR PHILIP CHETWODE, BART., K.C.B. K.C.M.G.

Commander-in-Chief in India, entering his Wolseley "Viper" at the Gateway of India after the ceremony of the departure of Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, on April 18, 1931

squares of the towns and villages of Holland; 100,000 booklets in Dutch will be handed out from the van during its tour. The Morris van, escorted by the bathing girls, was met by a Dutch girl in native costume, and large crowds of local people turned out to give it a rousing send-off on its "boost Britain" tour.

\* \* \*

There is a cheerful antidote here to the prevalent talk of sales depression, as our picture herewith shows. Mr. William E. Duck, the Managing Director (left), is seen receiving from the Works Manager, Mr. C. P. Hawkins (right), the millionth tyre built in the Firestone factory at Brentford. Bearing in mind that this British factory has been in production for only two-and-a-half years, this epoch-making tyre represents a very considerable achievement. Some hundreds of British workmen are engaged in producing Firestone gum-dipped tyres, and for many months past day and night shifts have been continuously employed to cope with the demand. It is only a few months ago that an additional 50,000 super feet were added to the already large factory—a fine example of a modern production plant admirably laid out, and offering the best possible working conditions to its operatives. Behind the palatial building—a familiar feature of the Great West Road—a double line of metals carries Firestone tyres to the ends of the kingdom.



**B**y its outstanding performance in the Monte Carlo Rally\*—by its wonderful self-changing gear, which will become universal, and by its aircraft quality—the Armstrong Siddeley proves that it leads in design and in value for money.

\*In the recent Monte Carlo Rally a 20 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley with self-changing gear completed the course from John o'Groats to Monte Carlo with full marks for reliability and condition, and was awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur and First Prize for closed cars in the Concours de Confort!

At £525 the 20 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley with four-speed silent self-changing gear offers the utmost comfort, performance and reliability of any car in its class.

# ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

Arrange a trial run or write for Catalogue B135  
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY.  
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.  
Manchester: 35 King Street West. Agents everywhere.

## The CAR OF AIRCRAFT QUALITY



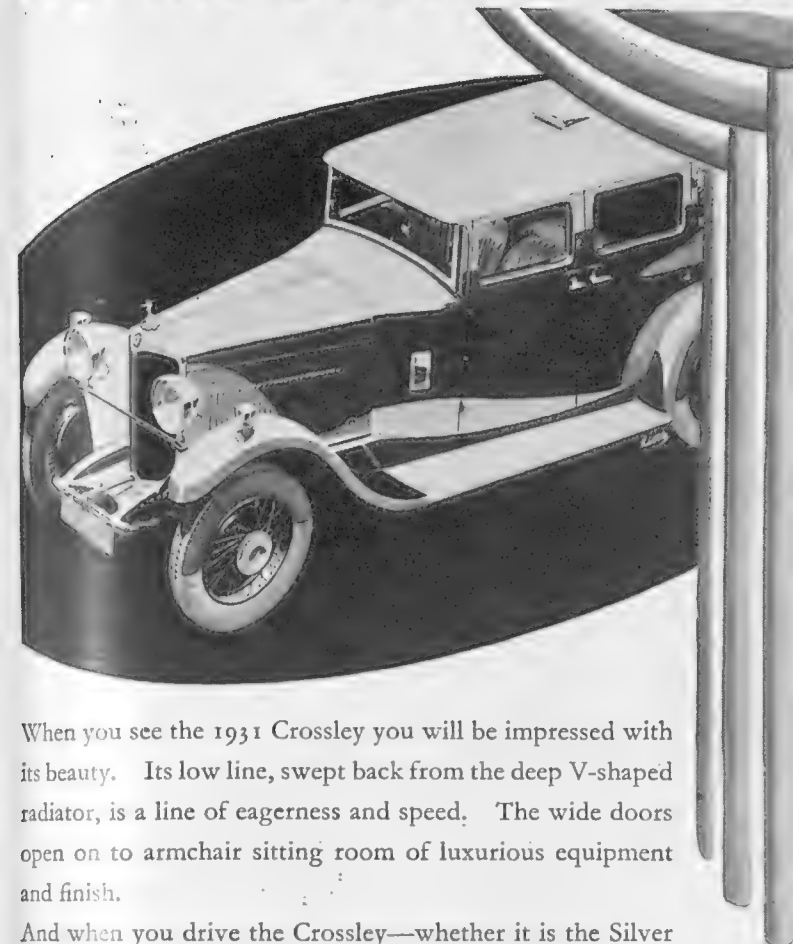
MR. WILLIAM E. DUCK

The Managing Director (left), receiving from the Works Manager, Mr. C. P. Hawkins, the millionth tyre built in the Firestone factory at Brentford

Nineteen-thirty-one certainly seems to be a K.L.G. year! The Land Speed Record was secured on K.L.G.'s. Mr. Kaye Don used them in the Schneider Trophy type Rolls-Royce engines of Miss England II on April 2, when breaking the World's record for motor boats, and now the Australian flight record by Mr. C. W. A. Scott flying a Gipsy engined Moth, equipped with K.L.G. plugs, has again been secured. These successes prove yet again that K.L.G.'s are supreme for both speed and reliability.



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When you see the 1931 Crossley you will be impressed with its beauty. Its low line, swept back from the deep V-shaped radiator, is a line of eagerness and speed. The wide doors open on to armchair sitting room of luxurious equipment and finish.

And when you drive the Crossley—whether it is the Silver Crossley or the more powerful Golden Crossley—you will drive it at speed, with more comfort than you have ever known. The reason is not only Crossley power, the secret is ease of control—Crossleys have perfected control! Crossley steering is light, but rigid as steel. The brake power is a marvel of sweetness and certainty. The acceleration is almost electric. Add to these tractive power of incredible smoothness and silence, springing that makes a road good, and you have the mechanical perfection of the 1931 Crossleys.

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*Many thousands have placed their confidence in Castrol, and not one but has seen his unwritten pledge faithfully, unfailingly, nay, brilliantly kept.*

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**Air Eddies**—Continued from p. 378

was an outcry for many more air lines. On the face of it the outcry seemed justified. But the careful study which Imperial Airways have made of the possible routes showed that it was the Empire lines which were of first importance and that other developments must be left alone for the time. They have been shown to be right in this, and it may be that they will be shown to be right in the matter of speed. So far they have concentrated more upon giving the passengers comfort and safety than upon increasing the speed of their air-craft. In pursuance of this definite policy they have kept landing speeds low and have allowed the sizes of cabins to increase. In all new Imperial Airways machines the passengers will have plenty of room and will not experience that cramped, cabined, and confined feeling which cannot be avoided in many foreign air transport machines. It seems very likely that air passengers will appreciate this improved comfort so highly that they will delay their demands for more speed.

**Faster Air Mails.**

In air mails the case is rather different, and it seems certain that much greater speed will be demanded there than in the passenger services. It is therefore satisfactory to note that as a result of the agreements with Italy and Greece and the introduction of larger and faster flying boats on the Mediterranean section, the time taken for the journey to India has now been reduced to within five days, and the time for the journey to Central Africa to just over six days.

The first stage from London is to Basle. At Genoa the passengers board one of the new four-engined flying boats and fly in it down the Italian coast via Naples and across the Mediterranean from Athens to Alexandria, which will be reached only two days and seven hours after leaving London. There is then a short train journey to Cairo, the junction

of the Indian and African airways, and from there the Indian mail goes on by aeroplane via Baghdad and the Persian Gulf to Karachi and Delhi, while the African mail goes south via Khartoum to Kenya Colony.

**Glider Exhibition.**

The first glider exhibition held in this country proved a success. Three E. D. Abbott "Scuds" were sold. This is the lightest and smallest sailplane in existence, and has been shown to be capable of soaring in light winds. It indicates that British designs can now compete on level terms with the Continental productions with their ten years of unremitting research and practical experience behind them.

Gliding is fulfilling the expectations of those who believed in it. It is not only providing a pleasant, safe, and inexpensive sport, but it is also acting as a good introduction to power flying. The effects of the popularity of gliding are not yet noticeable in power flying statistics, but it is probable that they soon will be, for I hear of many people who have been given a start in aeronautics by gliding.

**Two Coming Events.**

Two aerial events of which a note should be made occur this week-end. The first is the reception to Captain Diéudonné Costes, the French Atlantic flyer, at Croydon Aerodrome on Saturday the 30th, and the second is the National Flying Services pageant at Sherburn-in-Elmet. This will be the first time Costes has visited England since his flight in the "Question Mark" from Paris to New York last year. He is now Inspector General of the Air Union, and at the reception at Croydon His Excellency M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, will be present. Five Golden Ray air liners of the Air Union will escort Captain Costes in from the coast. It is to be hoped that Captain Costes will be given the great reception he deserves from the British public.



THE OPENING OF READING AERO CLUB

Mrs. J. K. Watson and Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. R. R. Bentley snapped just after landing in the plane for the opening function, which was performed by Lieut.-Colonel Sheldermine, Director-General of Civil Aviation

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**SILK TIES**

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Our Uncreasable Weave, Price 6/6 each

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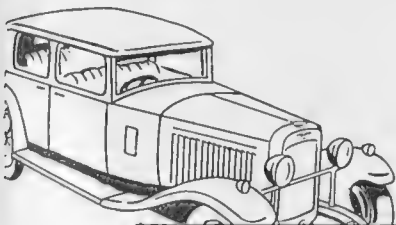
Write to-day for full details.

# TRIUMPH

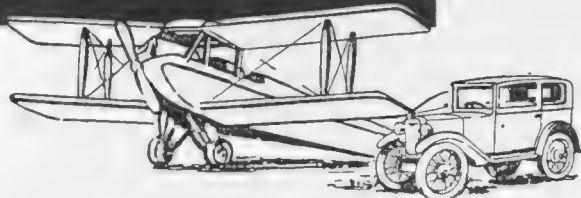
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P.S.—Arrangements have just been made with the Automobile Association (Aviation Dept.) for the issue at Heston of Royal Aero Club carnets for foreign touring.

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THE SILVERTOWN COMPANY



Miss Hughes (left), winner of the Sprague Cup at Llandrindod Wells, with Mrs. Eric Barnard the runner up

the larches stand out the most delicate green against the indigo of the pine trees, the indigo of the river Og. On to that river one looks down, but the amazing thing about the course is that, although several hundred feet above sea level, there are real sand-dune bents and the puzzling, rolling stances of genuine links. Those stances had their say in the size of some of the qualifying scores for the Welsh ladies' championship, with the result that four cards of 98 tied for the last two qualifying places and nobody arrived in the 70's.



Hampshire at Hayling: Left to right—Miss Jarrett, Miss G. Payne, Miss Uhthoff, and Mrs. Reyne



Surrey looks on: Mrs. Alec Johnston, Mrs. Miss, and Master Crombie, and Mrs. John Frazer, who is lately back from New Zealand

## Eve at Golf (continued from p. 408)

a defeat for them made less remote the chances that Surrey or Kent might possibly come through their division after all.

Southerndown is a most enchanting spot. No doubt it is beautiful at all seasons, but the Welsh women were very wise to go there at just that particular moment when the gorse is golden and when

There was one really good score, most suitably returned by the holder, Miss Jestyn Jeffries. She was out in 39, had a terrible lapse for two holes but rallied at the 12th and, taking those last seven holes in 1 over 4's, she handed in an 81 which was only 3 more than the par and led the field with 3 strokes to spare. She has lengthened so much since last year and seems to be playing so well that many more surprising things might happen than that she should still be Welsh champion when these words appear in print. Whoever may have won, competitors will certainly have enjoyed themselves, and it was a good start to the week that Southerndown should win the club championship out of a record entry.



# Cynthia dear!

have you heard about the

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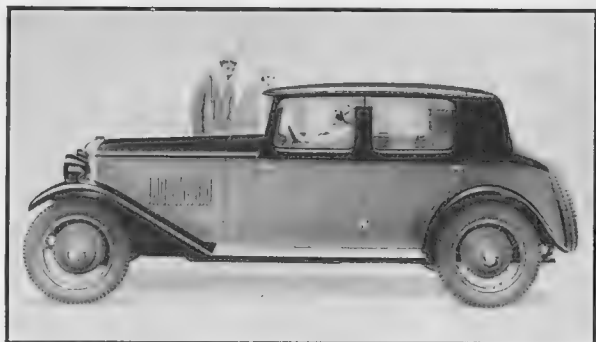
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*when you experience its responsiveness—when you realize the remarkable performance of which it is capable—when you listen to your passengers' paeans of praise on the luxurious comfort of the seating and springing front and rear—when you touch high speeds and prove in doing so its entirely exceptional road-holding qualities—when you register the distance travelled and test the petrol consumption on the trip—*

*You will unhesitatingly confirm our statement that the "Alpine Six" has set a new standard in Motoring.*

*And then it will be borne in upon you that that big and more expensive car you had considered an essential need is not so, for here is performance unequalled, comfort not excelled, and an economy in upkeep and running costs never before experienced.*

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## Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for an old couple who live in a North London slum. They have no children alive to help them. The old man was at one time a private in the Guards, and later for some forty years he earned a somewhat precarious living as an artist's model. His wife has suffered terribly for the past fifteen years with rheumatoid arthritis, and it is only by going to the hospital for six weeks' treatment every year that she manages to get about at all; she also has diabetes, and has to have special diet. They have only the husband's old age pension, which occasionally he can supplement by getting a few hours' work as an artist's model; he earns 1s. 3d. an hour, and sometimes can get four hours work a day, but this is very rare nowadays. We want to give them 10s. a week during his wife's lifetime.

Great Fosters, Egham, in the county of Surrey, the newly-erected fifteenth century Tithe Hall, was once a home of Queen Elizabeth, and steeped in memories of Shakespeare's day, Great Fosters retains all the atmosphere of Old England in which it has mellowed for four centuries. It is a house of traditions, but apart from tradition it bears evidence in its own lovely structure of a less perfunctory age than ours, when building, and music and literature, and daily life itself, were rapt in the ecstasy of an idealistic adventure which we name in one all-embracing word, Elizabethan. Great Fosters is one of the old moated houses of England, and the older part of the present house dates from about the time of Shakespeare's youth. Contemporary writings show that on more than one occasion King Henry VIII sent the Princess Elizabeth, as she then was, to Great Fosters. Later Queen Elizabeth used Great Fosters as a hunting lodge. Since those far-off days Great Fosters has passed through many hands, and it was eventually purchased by the Hon. Gerald S. Montague, third son of the 1st Lord Swaythling, who restored and enlarged the house with such consummate artistic skill that the new parts are indistinguishable from the old, even to the most accomplished of connoisseurs. The external perfection of this symphony in old red brick, in its setting of yew-hedged gardens, stone-flagged garden walks, and rose-clad pergolas, is matched by the sumptuous beauty of the interior, with its tapestries, its old oak panelling, and its richly-carved work in wood and stone. When additional space became necessary, meticulous care to retain the ancient atmosphere was exercised, and the Tithe Hall, which was originally a fifteenth-century tithe barn, was taken down from its original site and rebuilt with all its ancient oak beams, and its minstrels' gallery in perfect alignment and harmony with the principal building. To-day Great Fosters is a unique hotel (within eighteen miles of London), where dancing can be enjoyed on a specially-constructed dance-floor and swimming in an open-air pool in the grounds. It is open to non-residents, and terms can be obtained on application to the secretary.



MRS. D. GEORGE COLLINS

Who was presented at Their Majesties' first Court on May 19, is the wife of Mr. D. George Collins, a Sheriff of the City of London and one of H.M.'s Lieutenants for the City. Mr. Collins is Chairman and Managing Director of Messrs. D. George Collins, Ltd.

On Tuesday afternoon, June 9, Cornelia Otis Skinner, the distinguished young American diseuse, will, by arrangement with Gilbert Miller, give the first of a series of six dramatic recitals at the St. James's Theatre appearing in character sketches from her own pen. It will be exactly two years to the day that this clever young artist one June afternoon stepped on the St. James's stage utterly unknown and practically unheralded. In one brief afternoon she won her audience completely as much by her versatility as by her art. One of the novelties she will offer during her season here will be six sketches portraying the wives of King Henry VIII. Accompanied by her father, Mr. Otis Skinner, dean of the American theatre, Miss Skinner will arrive in London on June 5.

With their next production, on June 7, the Repertory Players will conclude their present season. They are presenting, by special permission, a play called *In a Garden*, by an important American dramatist, Philip Barry. It was originally done in New York in 1925, with Laurette Taylor in the leading part. Barry himself describes it as a comedy, but it is a fantastic type of play, very difficult to define. Barry is the author of the current New York success, *To-morrow and To-morrow*. He is known in this country for his play, *Paris Bound*, and the successful film, *Holiday*.





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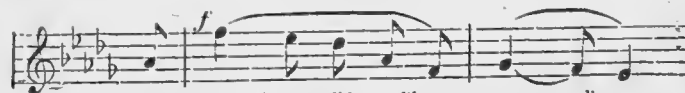
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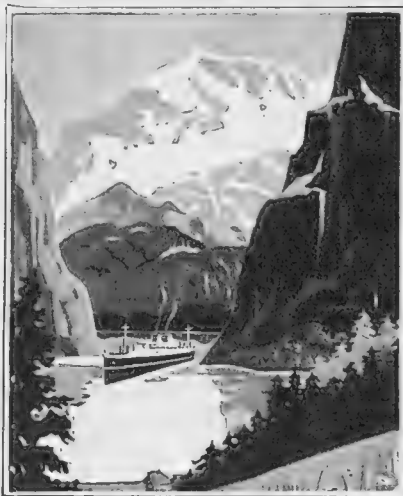
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Havas.

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To Ulvik, Eidfjord, Trondhjem, Aandalsnaes, Molde, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen.

## NORWEGIAN FIORDS JULY 11th—20 days

Visiting Reykjavik, Akureyri, Jan Mayen Island, Spitsbergen (various bays), North Cape, Hammerfest, Lyngen, Tromsø, Trondhjem, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik.

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To Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik, Oslo, Arendal, Christiansand, Copenhagen, Gothenberg.

## NORWEGIAN FIORDS AUGUST 1st—13 days

To Molde, Aandalsnaes, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen, Tysse, Norheimsund, Ulvik, Eidfjord.

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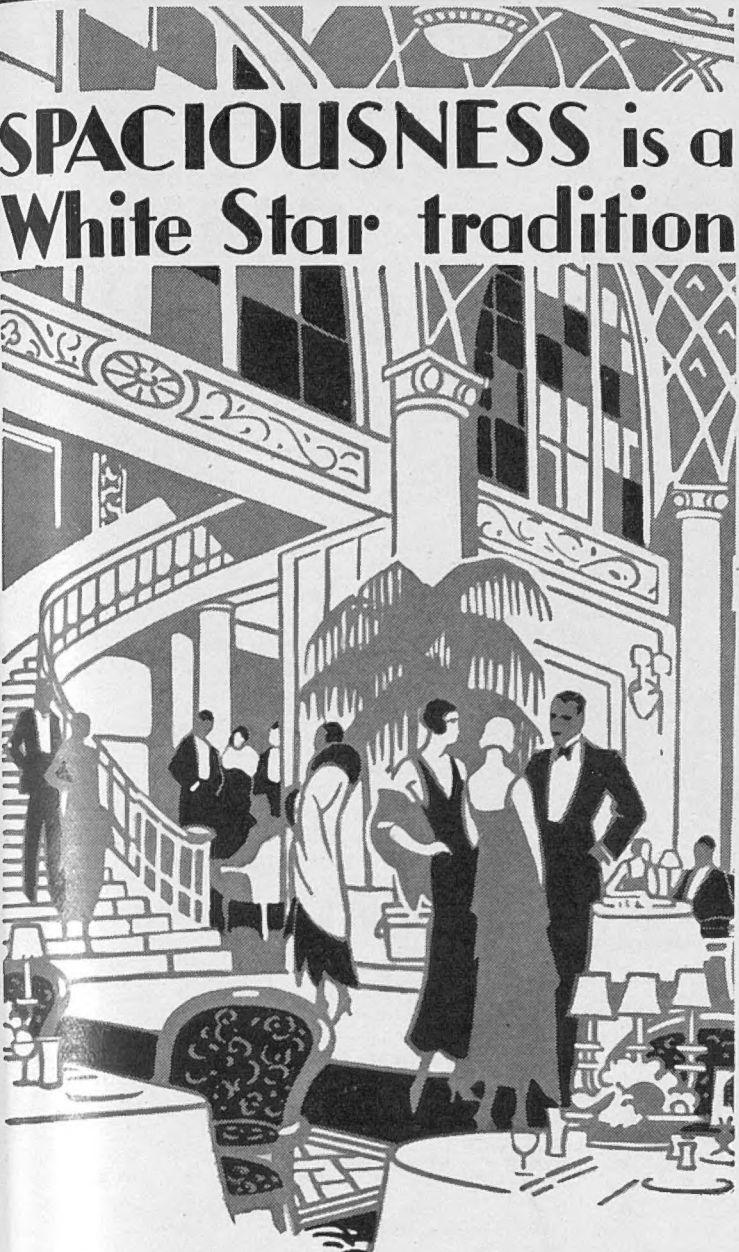
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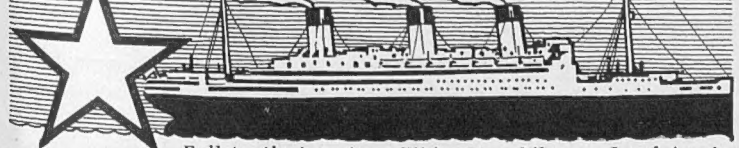
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## GIRLS TOGETHER

MRS. WINTER was a good mother. She had been a good mother all her blameless life; first to a rag bunny, then to a wax paragon with curls, then to Valentine, the flesh and blood Valentine—or, as the papers had it, “débütante daughter of Mrs. Winslow Dale Winter of Number Nineteen Sunset Drive.”

Valentine was sixteen. Not tall. A trifle pigeon-toed. Graceful and compact and straight-backed and slim as only modern girls are slim. And pretty. Tousled brown hair. Smudged-in blue eyes. A skin like—like—say, gardenia petals or cream or anything rich, smooth, deep.

Mrs. Winter had brought Valentine up correctly. She had been a model baby. Feeding on the tick of the minute. Naps by the clock. So much lime. So much beef-juice. So much violet-ray. When she cried, she was not bounced or cooed over or softly paddled into a condition of hiccuph diminuendo. Mrs. Winter believed in looking for causes, be they safety-pins or colic pains. When Valentine wept out of her obscure consciousness, she was left alone in her crib to weep until she grew weary of weeping. She discovered that it does no good to protest against things as they are. Safety-pins, yes. The world-pain, no. It was there. You got used to it. Alone.

Mrs. Winter was a good mother. She believed in progress. She called herself, for your enlightenment, perhaps your envy, a contemporary. She seized upon anything modern in motherhood with an eagerness that had in it something greedy, something a little unpleasant. It was Valentine's hard luck to be an only child. She was more than a child. She was an experiment.

At three, she was deprived of toys because toys were considered a form of dissipation. But at six, she was allowed everything she wanted, everything she asked for, because Mrs. Winter had happened to hear the word “inhibition.” At ten, Valentine returned to nature. She was encouraged to conquer modesty, to regard her compact little body with delight, to have a good time, as if there were nothing more important in the world. She learned to swim, to high dive, to paddle a canoe, to ride.

*SHE was so young and so wise. So shallow and so elusive. So cocksure and so fallible. You saw her at the Lido, her pyjamas of cerise satin billowing and moulding her incredible brown body, and at her feet the playboys of Europe. . . .*

Read the whole of this remarkable story—a study in super-sophistication, by MILDRED CRAM, in the May issue.

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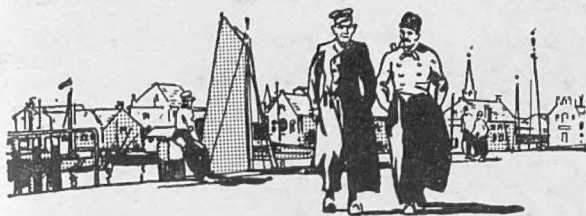
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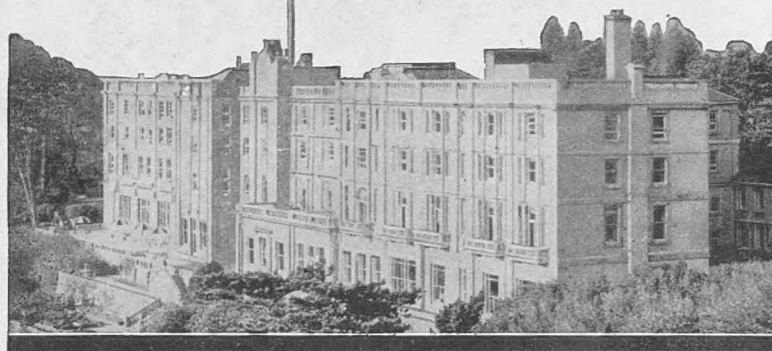
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# The Confidences of Angela



“I saw  
the third letter” . . .

“It’s lucky you couldn’t get round last night, for your sweet angel Angela was a little devil. . . . Yes. About Marian. We wept together. She sees bailies or bailiffs, or whatever you call them, all over the place: policemen too. And I almost felt like it myself when I saw the *third* letter from her bookie! Bullying her because she hasn’t paid up, and her quarter’s allowance not due for another month. Some bookies are beasts, Ted. . . . No, of course not, silly. I never think of ‘Duggie’ as a bookie—why, he’s my jolly old banker. That’s what I told Marian. All the credit she wants—quarterly settlements with ‘Duggie’ if she likes. . . . Yes. I’m bringing her up to Stuart House in the coupé. . . . Rather, ‘mon prince’ . . . Where? . . . See you in the lounge at one-thirty . . . No, dear . . . Just we two . . . . Because

Marian would be talking and talking and talking about . . . .”

SIR EDWARD :—“About all her troubles; but they’ll be all over alter she meets ‘Duggie’—*Another enthusiast.*”

*Write-mention Angela-Duggie will do the rest*



DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON